

Allure Is Back Again!

DEC 30 1938

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Silver Screen

February

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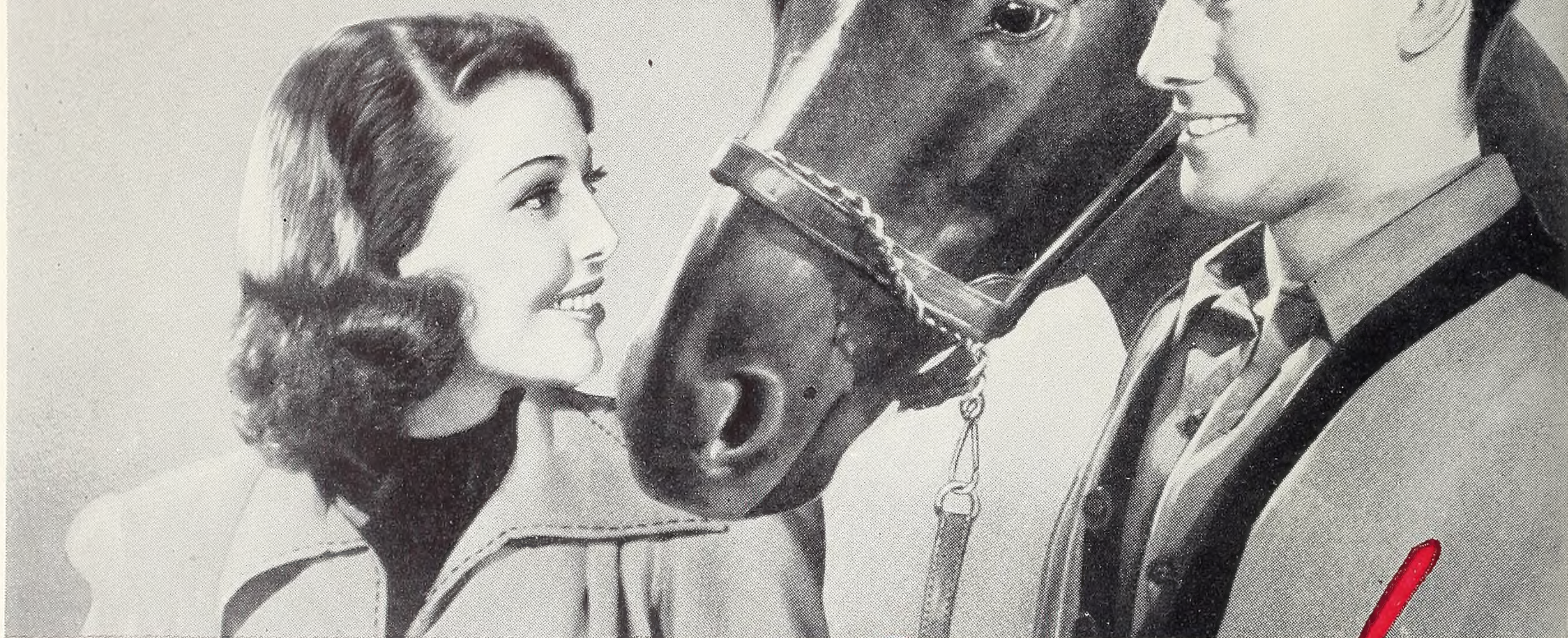


Fredric March And Joan Bennett
In A Tropical Scene From
"Trade Winds"

**THE KENTUCKY OF
GREAT TRADITION HAS
INSPIRED A GREAT
PICTURE . . .**

***IN ALL THE SPLENDOR
OF TECHNICOLOR!***

Proud romance . . . beautiful women
. . . chivalrous men . . . magnificent
thoroughbreds! The sport of kings
climaxing when the silks flash by at
Churchill Downs in the famed Ken-
tucky Derby! All against the warm
beauty of the Blue Grass country!



Kentucky

with

LORETTA YOUNG • RICHARD GREENE

and **WALTER BRENNAN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**

KAREN MORLEY • MORONI OLSEN

Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

Directed by David Butler • Associate Producer Gene
Markey • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and John Taintor Foote
From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

Ask your theatre manager for KENTUCKY

"'Pink Tooth Brush'— So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

*That dull, dingy, dreary smile
—it can't be yours! Why,
yours was the smile that had
such magic—yours were the
brightest of bright, sparkling
teeth! What happened—
who's at fault?*

*You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge
of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant
trouble. You knew the step you ought to take
—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible
person, you're going to take right now!*

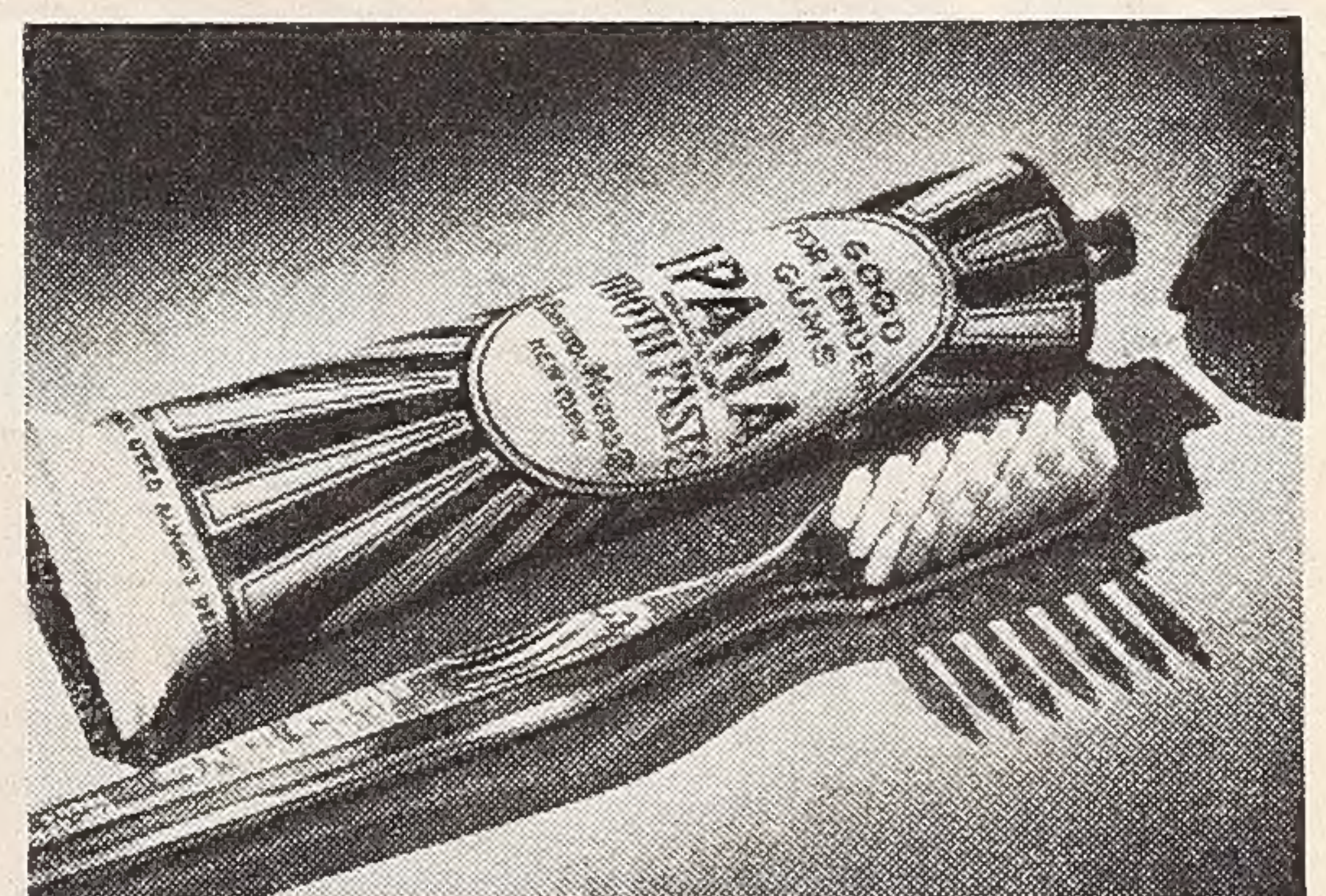
*You're too wise and too lovely to go on tak-
ing chances with the beauty of your smile. So
see your dentist—and see him today. And
when he tells you how to help guard against
"pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the
healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage
—follow his advice!*

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is only a warning
—but when you see it—see your dentist.
You may not be in for serious trouble, but
find out the truth. Usually, however, it sim-
ply means gums robbed of work by our
modern soft and creamy foods. His advice
will probably be, "more work for lazy gums"
and very often, "the healthful stimulation
of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially de-
signed to help the health of your gums as
well as to clean your teeth. Each time you
clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana
into your gums. As circulation is increased
within the gum walls, gums tend to become
firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

*Don't gamble with your smile! Get an eco-
nomical tube of Ipana at your druggist's to-
day. Make Ipana and massage your daily,
common-sense dental health routine. Help
keep your smile as attractive as it should be!*



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

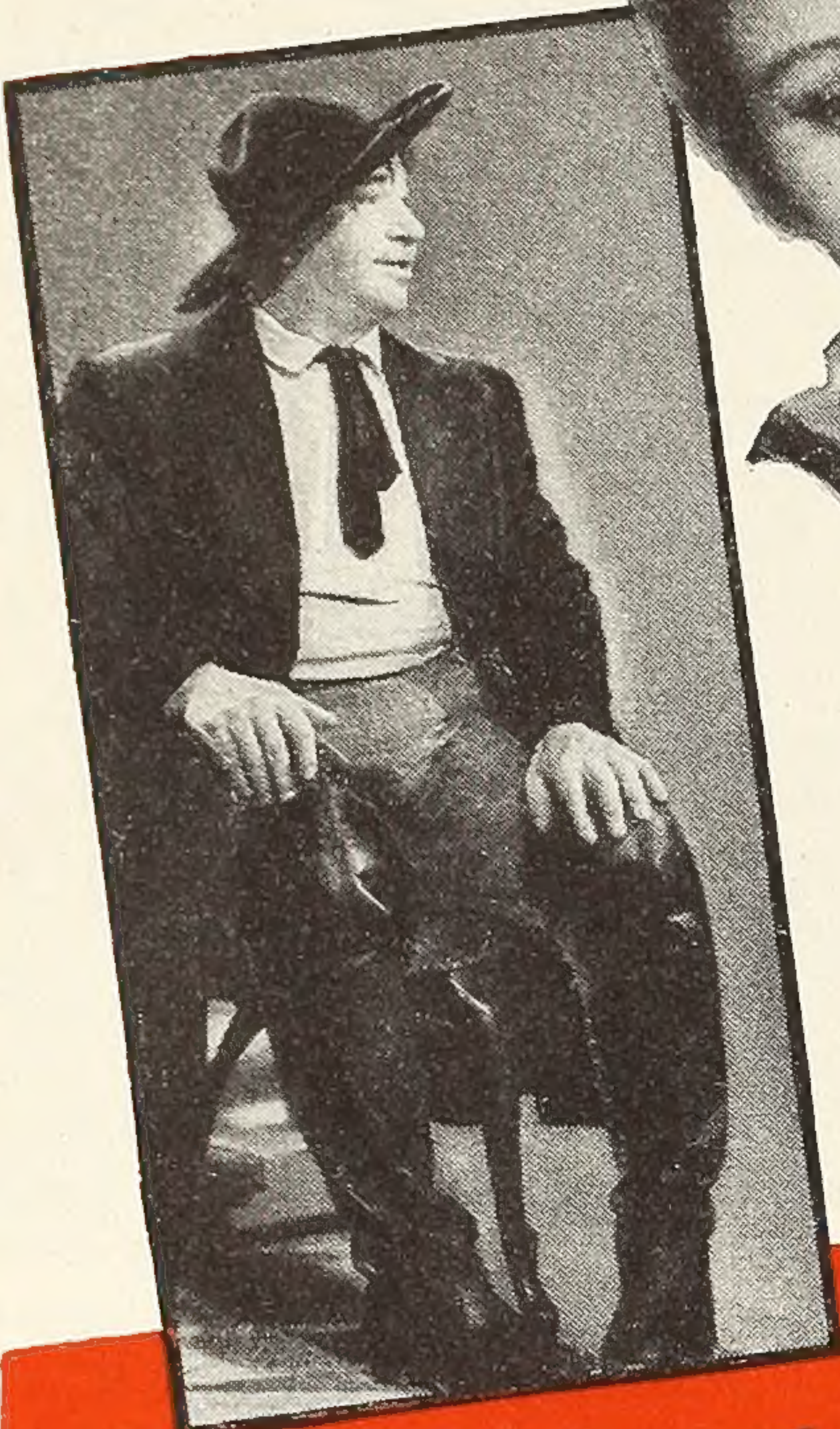
For more effective gum massage and for
more thorough cleansing, ask your drug-
gist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



**They Built a New America with
Glory and Guns... They Were
MEN That Women Could Love!**

**The grandest adventure-romance
since "Cimarron" stormed the screen...
crowded with stars, action and thrills!**



**WALLACE
BEERY
ROBERT
TAYLOR**

**STAND UP
AND FIGHT**

**FLORENCE RICE · HELEN BRODERICK
CHARLES BICKFORD**

Screen Play by James M. Cain, Jane Murfin and
Harvey Ferguson · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II · Produced by MERVYN LEROY

The LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star on the
screen!

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ ★ ★ ★

CLASS OF '39—attention! What is M-G-M? *Answer:* The leading motion picture company.

Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?

Answer:

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"HONOLULU" (wicky-wacky-wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN." Starring Spencer Tracy and presenting the new glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939" (a new idea in musical drama). Starring Joan Crawford and James Stewart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?

Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

★ ★ ★ ★

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."



"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

★ ★ ★ ★

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love is sweeping the country.

—Leo

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

LENORE SAMUELS
Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF JOAN BENNETT BY MARLAND STONE

The Opening Chorus

A LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR BOSS:

I know you once spent a morning with Carole Lombard and an afternoon with Marlene Dietrich, heaven knows I've heard you tell about it enough, but you really haven't lived until you have spent an earthquake with Joan Crawford.

I went out to Metro the other day for a gay chitchat with Joan on the "Ice Follies" set and she invited me in to her cute little portable dressing-room on the stage for a spot of hot chocolate, which I bravely refused on account of calories. Joan, I may add, drank a cup with three inches of whipped cream on it (remind me to hate her for that).

There we sat planning a trip to New York next month and gurgling over how much fun it would be to see Franchot's Broadway play and Madge Evans' new play when all of a sudden Joan's dressing room started to sway from right to left, books fell off the wall, and the chocolate splashed out of her cup.

Before I could bat an eye Joan was out of the dressing-room, across the stage, and on to the open lot. I think we'll have to send Joan to the next Olympics, just yell earthquake at her and she'll make Jesse Owens look like a snail on crutches. But look who's talking, I made pretty good time myself.

There's nothing like an earthquake, I always say, to bring people together. Out on the lot executives, stars and directors mingled cozily with extras, grips, maids and waitresses, all jabbering away like a bunch of magpies. I bumped into Hedy Lamarr and was eager to hear how she reacted to her first California earthquake.

"There I seet in my new naughty pine dressing room," said Hedy, "when suddenly my chair goes thees way and that way. What is thees, I say. Is thees part of Hollywood?" I assured Hedy that we didn't have them often, well not too often.

The next star I encountered was Jeanette MacDonald who didn't seem to be the least bit upset, but as Jeanette says after one has lived through the mechanical devices of "San Francisco" one can take a mere natural earthquake in one's stride.

Virginia Bruce was a little hurt that Mother Earth should behave that way. "I know that in Hollywood you aren't supposed to count on your friends remaining steady," said Virginia, "but you do sort of count on the earth remaining steady."

With almost everyone keyed up for a major catastrophe—nothing more happened. Even Joan was eventually lured back on the set.

Naturally we were all annoyed to read in the evening papers: "A mild earthquake was felt throughout the city and adjacent towns today. The Carnegie Seismological Institute at Pasadena recorded the quake and said it lasted but the fraction of a second." Always belittling.

Liza

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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WIN A WATCH!

A Prize Contest To Test Your Knowledge Of The Stars.

HAVE you kept track of their doings and if so, how much do you remember? Just to enable you to check on your own answer, the correct version of the following paragraphs will be printed in a later issue of SILVER SCREEN.

Can you tell which players are referred to? For a reward you may receive a beautiful watch as a prize. There will be just one watch given for the prize, but such a watch! It may be either a man's or woman's watch, as the winner prefers. They are *Wittnauers* and that means that if you win one of them your days will be timed by as fine a watch as the watchmaker's art has produced in its class. The watches retail for \$25.00.

Fill in the blank spaces with the names of the stars that you think the items refer to and, in addition, write a fifty word letter to accompany your answer.

Fill in the name of the star referred to in the answer column at the right.

Otto Kruger is puzzled—What was her name?

WHO?

WHICH STAR?

WHO WAS IT?

WHEN

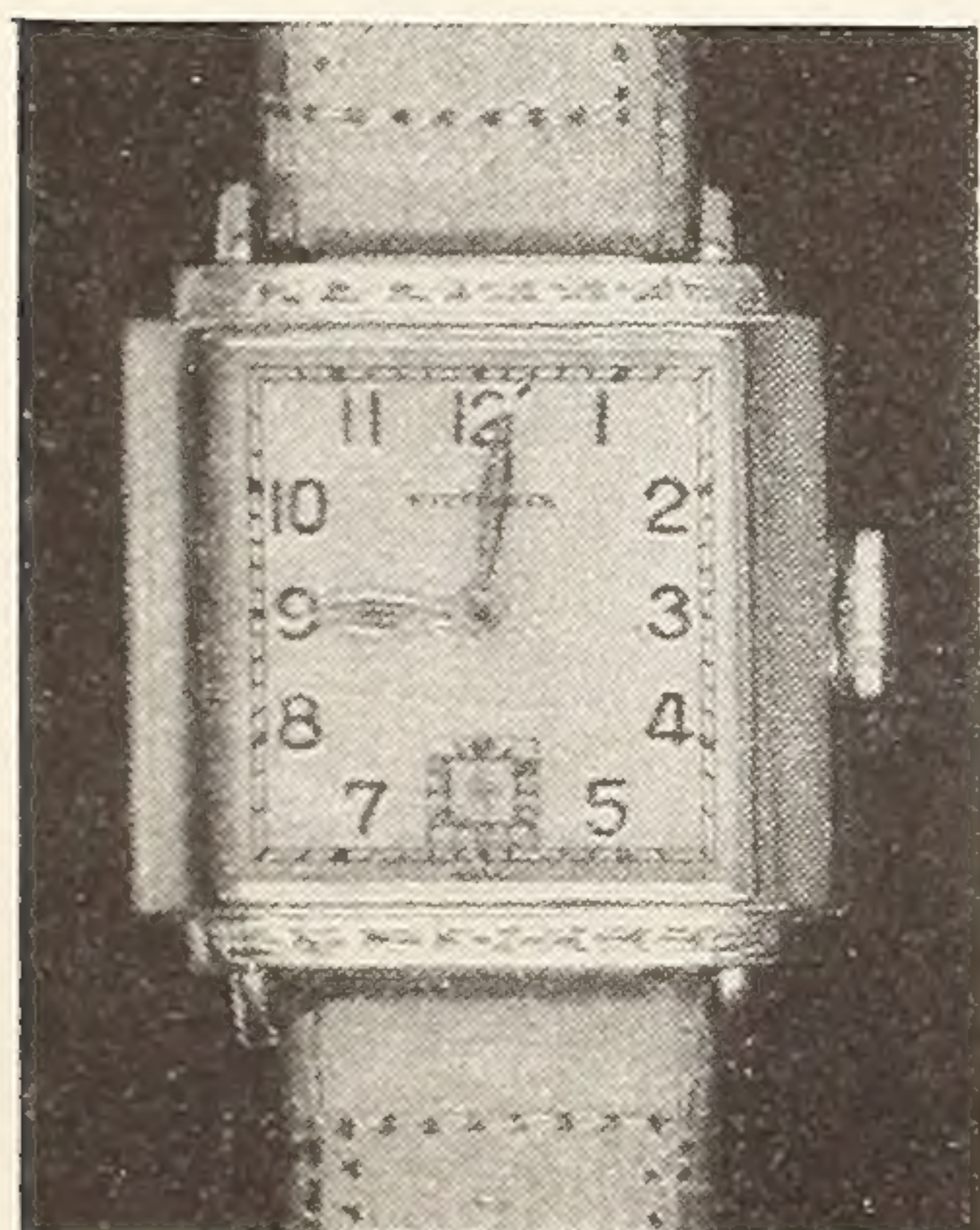


1. What former stage actress played many leading rôles in films but did not reach real success until she was cast in a picture with Clark Gable?
2. What unmarried male star went to Hollywood and was unable to get a break in pictures? He returned to Broadway, secured a part with Katharine Cornell, then went back to Hollywood and became the idol of millions of movie fans?
3. What versatile actress has won applause for her beautiful singing, for her dramatic ability and for her flair for high comedy? She has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.
4. Tell the name of the American woman who first had her hair bobbed, and started something! She's in Hollywood now, but not acting.
5. There is a great artist in pictures, so loved and respected that authors prepare their stories so that he will not be required to over-exert himself in his part. Who is he?
6. In the quiet rolling hill country of Tennessee, a pretty little girl was born and raised. She used to sing in church. She has made musical pictures successfully and has sung at the great opera houses, Covent Garden for one. Her name is . . .
7. Myrna Loy once rejected a certain rôle and the girl to whom it was given sprang into prominence and later won higher honors than Myrna ever did. Who is the girl?
8. What is her name? She used to be a night club dancer. She has made many pictures—all dramatic and good, too.
9. Who is the very successful star whose restless spirit of adventure took him to strange places? This restless spirit he comes by quite honestly, for he is a descendant of Fletcher Christian, who led the famous mutiny on the *Bounty*.
10. The picture plots centering around a famous home circle have brought one man to the peak of popularity. It is the break that he has been waiting for during the twenty-three years that he has been in pictures. What's his name?

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

Write A 50 Word Letter To Accompany Your List Of Names, In Which You Explain:

Why I Read Silver Screen.

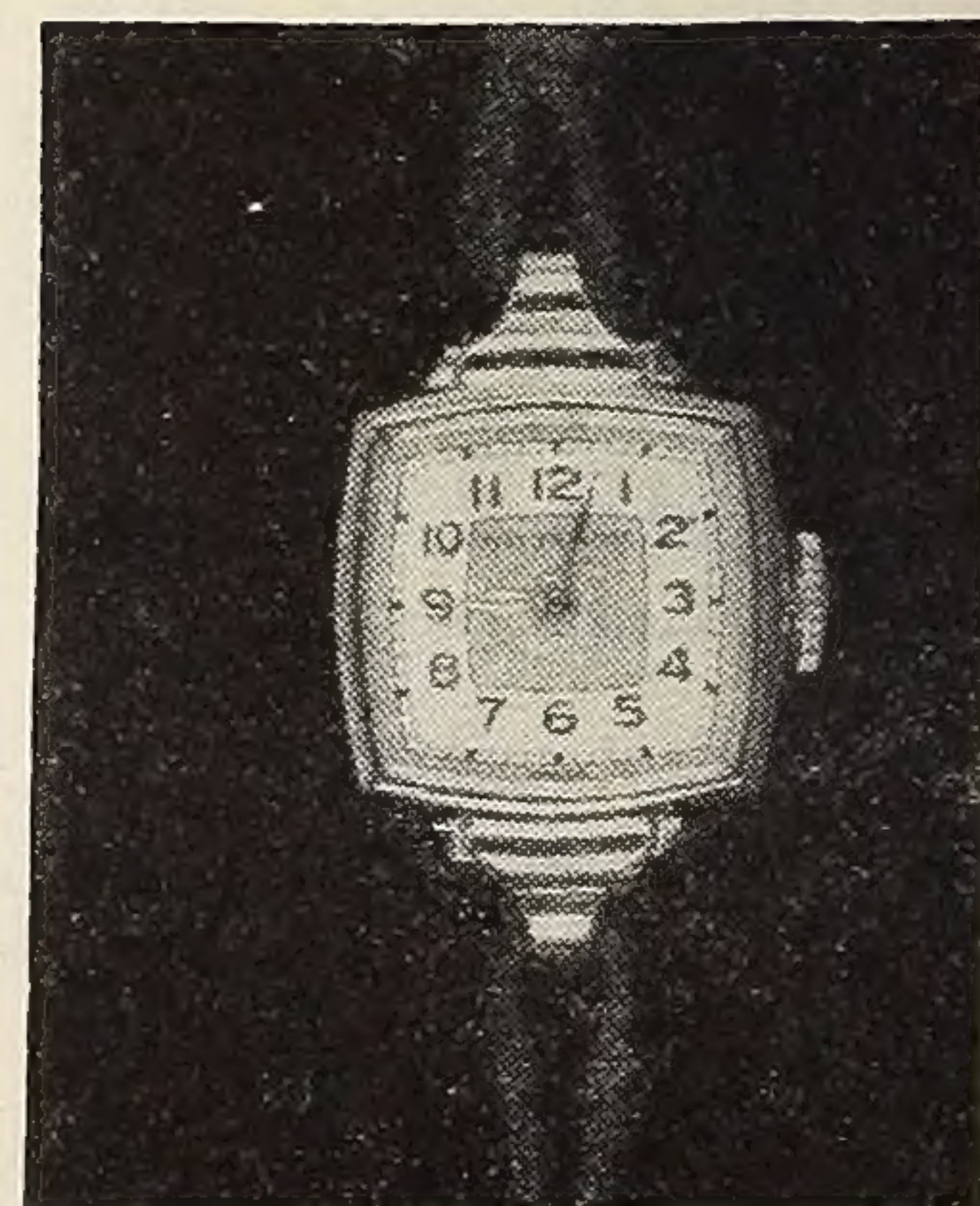


CONDITIONS

1. There is one prize—a lady's or a man's wrist watch. The best letter on "Why I Read Silver Screen," accompanying the list that is nearest to correct, of stars' names, will be awarded the prize watch. Specify your choice.
2. Contest closes Jan. 26, 1939.
3. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be awarded to each tying contestant.
4. Letters must not be longer than fifty words. No letter will be returned.

Address: STAR INFORMATION CONTEST, Silver Screen

45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.



SILVER SCREEN

HELL-BENT FOR GLORY! . . . AND HEAVEN HELP THEM ALL!



They roared into each blood-red dawn on fighting wings of glory! Gay, reckless, gallant, they fought, these eagles, for women they had never seen, and for the love they might never know!



WARNER BROS. present

ERROL FLYNN
as the adventurous leader of
"The DAWN PATROL"

with a dashing squadron of famous players including

BASIL RATHBONE
DAVID NIVEN
DONALD CRISP

Melville Cooper · Barry Fitzgerald · Carl Esmond
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING



SCREEN PLAY BY SETON I. MILLER AND DAN TOTHEROH · FROM AN ORIGINAL STORY BY JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

A GREAT ADVANCE in Feminine Hygiene



**ZONITORS ARE
GREASELESS**

Perhaps you too have hoped that someone would someday develop a suppository like this! So safe to use (free from "burn" danger and harmful drugs). So dainty, snow-white, antiseptic . . . and GREASELESS!

Well, here it is! Zonitors kill germs at contact and remain in long, effective antiseptic action. Absolutely safe to use, too — because they contain no harmful, irritating drugs.

Zonitors are made with a *unique* GREASELESS base — nothing messy, nothing to melt or run. They are odorless — and deodorizing.

And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. \$1 for box of 12 individual glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3222, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.



Zonitors
FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
A Zonite Product



Tips On Pictures

Words To The Wise. A Few Hints
On Where To Spend Your Evening.



ABUSED CONFIDENCE—Fine.

An absorbing psychological drama produced in France, with excellent English subtitles, and starring charming Danielle Darrieux who has recently made a hit on this side of the Atlantic. The story concerns an ambitious poverty-stricken girl who, through a clever ruse which later haunts her conscience, rises to great heights.

A dramatic scene from "Abused Confidence," in which Danielle Darrieux is actually sick with grief because of the deception she has practiced upon her adoring father, Charles Vanel.

Gillingwater, Joan Davis, Cora Witherspoon.)

LITTLE ADVENTURESS—

Poor. Edith Fellows is a good little actress and deserves better screen fare than this. The story concerns the orphan daughter of former vaudevillians who goes to California with a prize horse which she trains for a big race—and naturally wins. (Jacqueline Wells, Richard Fiske, Cliff Edwards.)

ARKANSAS TRAVELLER—Fine. Bob Burns goes to town in a homespun tale of a tramp printer, chalking up a performance worthy of the late Will Rogers. The widow whose print shop he saves from scheming politicians is Fay Bainter, and she is well worth the trouble. Others in a delightfully well rounded cast are Irvin S. Cobb, Jean Parker, John Beal and little Dickie Moore.

ARIZONA WILDCAT—Good. The West of the wild and woolly '70's is represented here in a gay and rollicking comedy made to order for our pet juvenile, Jane Withers. Leo Carrillo is excellent as the reformed bandit who adopts Jane, and together they clean up the little frontier village.

BEACHCOMBER, THE—So-so. This one may be a bit hard for some of you to swallow. However, all readers of "Vessel of Wrath," Somerset Maugham's story of a missionary lady on an island in the Pacific who decides to gain the interest of the village no-good, will be interested. Produced in England, the film does not live up to the promise of its original, in spite of the casting of Charles Laughton and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, in the principle roles. The incidental music and the photography are things to rave about, however.

EXPOSED—Poor. This is a heterogeneous mixture of racketeers and cops and camerawomen, etc., with no plot to brag about. Glenda Farrell is not particularly impressive as the ace camerawoman of a picture magazine, and such swell actors as Otto Kruger and Herbert Mundin are hopelessly lost in the shuffle. As the second half of a dual bill you might be able to take it without being fussy.

FLIRTING WITH FATE—Fair. If you like Joe E. Brown's wide-mouthed brand of humor, here's your evening's entertainment. This trip Joe decides to pretend suicide in order to collect enough insurance money to bring back to America a theatrical troupe left stranded in South America. The idea doesn't seem to work any too well, and the picture itself drags a bit drearily. (Leo Carrillo, Beverly Roberts.)

JUST AROUND THE CORNER—Good. Little Miss Shirley Temple once again gets A on her film report card. Charlie Farrell is charming as her daddy, an impoverished architect who temporarily becomes the engineer of a swank apartment house. But Shirley, quite unconsciously, takes the sad state of their economics into her own very capable hands and works miracles for them both. The kids will eat this up. (Bert Lahr, Claude

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Poor. Taken from the popular comic strip this film version does not come up to expectations. It is episodic in theme, sugary in its sentiment, and sadly lacking in action, melodramatic or otherwise. Ann Gillis, of "Tom Sawyer" fame, plays Annie, and the cast includes June Travis, Robert Kent and J. Farrell MacDonald.

PARDON OUR NERVE—Good. This is the best of The Big Town Girl series so far. In it the girls, Lynn Bari and June Gale, turn prizefight managers and, with the aid of comedian Edward Brophy, they bring Guinn Williams to the head of the fight business. There are plenty of laughs, and the girls have plenty of looks and charm.

MR. MOTO TAKES A VACATION—Good. Again Peter Lorre plays the somewhat naive Japanese sleuth, with the plot, this time, bringing him from Africa to San Francisco in search of the crown of the queen of Sheba. There's an abundance of melodramatic action, some sly humor and the usual slight romance you've come to expect in a Moto yarn. (Lionel Atwill, Joseph Schildkraut, Virginia Field, John King.)

SACRIFICE d'HONNEUR—Fine. Another French star who has also made the grade in America is Annabella, who is here seen in a highly interesting drama about a naval commander who is court-martialed for losing his ship during a surprise attack at sea. Annabella gives a splendid performance as his faithful wife. (Victor Francen, Rosine Dereau.)

SECRETS OF A NURSE—Fair. Helen Mack does a good job as the hospital nurse who falls in love with a prizefighter (Dick Foran) who gets framed in a murder case. He is represented at court by Lawyer Edmund Lowe, who tries sincerely to help him for the sake of Helen. There's good drama here, which plays better than it sounds.

60 GLORIOUS YEARS—Excellent. The outstanding British film production of the year, this portrays the romance of Queen Victoria and her Consort, Prince Albert, rather than stressing the diplomatic affairs of those days, although they do come in for their share of glory, especially after the death of Albert. This should be ranked as a genuinely artistic, dramatic achievement, beautifully directed and acted. Topnotch cast includes Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook and C. Aubrey Smith.

More Trouble FOR TOPPER- ...MORE FUN FOR YOU!

Thorne Smith's Famous Topper is on the Loose Again...with his Vanishing Girl-Friend and Her Bag of Tricks!...Disappearing Bathing Trunks... Driverless Taxis...Riderless Bicycles...Invisible Jail-Breaks...Dissolving Rhumba Dancers!

ECTOPLASM runs riot and blazes a trail of hilarity from Fifth Avenue to the French Riviera!

Did You Ever See a Pair of Trunks Truckin'?

An Old Topper Custom that Has Paris Wild!

HAL
ROACH
Presents



TOPPER TAKES A TRIP

More Laughs...
More Pranks...
More Camera
Magic than the
Original "Topper"

starring
CONSTANCE BENNETT
ROLAND YOUNG

BILLIE BURKE • ALAN MOWBRAY
VERREE TEASDALE

FRANKLIN PANGBORN • ALEXANDER D'ARCY
MR. ATLAS ("The Thin Man" Dog)

Directed by **Norman Z. McLeod**
Screenplay by Jack Jevne, Eddie Moran and
Corey Ford • From the Novel by Thorne Smith

Topper Picks Up a Bit of French!

Let Us Out or We'll Ruin the Jail's Reputation!

MILTON H. BREN, Executive Producer • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS



CHILDREN CONSTIPATED?

Give them relief this
simple, pleasant way!



1. WATCH YOUR
youngster's face
brighten when you
give him a half-tab-
let of Ex-Lax. No
struggle to get him to
take a laxative. Chil-
dren actually *love* the
delicious chocolate
taste of Ex-Lax!

2. HIS SLEEP
is not disturbed after
taking Ex-Lax. It
doesn't upset little
tummies or bring on
cramps. Ex-Lax is a
mild and gentle lax-
ative... ideal for
youngsters!



3. THE NEXT
morning, Ex-Lax
acts... thoroughly
and *effectively*! No
shock. No strain. No
weakening after-
effects. Just an easy
comfortable bowel
movement that
brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the
family—the grown-ups as well as the young-
sters. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.
Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

SONG POEM WRITERS
Write for free book, 50—50 plan.
Splendid Opportunity.
INDIANA SONG BUREAU,
Dept. N, Salem, Indiana

**Popularity Comes
when
PIMPLES GO!**
Why be a stay-at-home "pimple-face"?
Have the clear complexion loveliness that
ATTRACTS MEN—ROMANCE—SUCCESS!

Thousands are acclaiming a world-famous derma-
tician's private FORMULA 301 for aid in hastening clear-
ing of surface pimples, blemishes, eruptions, oily skin!

**TEST
AT OUR
EXPENSE!**
Use it 1 to 7
days—if not
delighted...

**MONEY
BACK** Formula 301

KAY CO., 745-5th Ave., Dept. S-2, New York, N. Y.
Send FORMULA 301 on money-back agreement. Enclosed \$1.00
for large size (), 50c for sample (), send \$1.00 size C.O.D. ().

Print Name: _____
Address: _____

**TRIAL
BOTTLE
10¢**

"On The DRY SIDE"



By
Mary Lee

*Winter Skin Can Be
Corrected When You
Recognize Your Type.*



Sensitive, young skins need
cream, too, for cleansing and
soothing. A lesson in use by
Bonita Granville. That heavy,
downward pull, at right, is
wrong. The left, upward move-
ment, above, is right!

NOT long ago, at a cocktail party,
I saw Ann Sothern, her golden
hair piled high under a bright
green frou-frou of ostrich, her blonde
skin very flower-like. In her hotel suite
in New York recently, I marveled at the
clear beauty of Gail Patrick's skin, deli-
cate, very fair and luminous against her
dark hair, parted in the middle and curled
softly and rather low. I will always re-
member the vital, almost golden tone of
Joan Blondell's vivacious face, and the
true gardenia texture of red-haired Mar-
got Grahame's skin.

The stars do have good skin; or let
me say, the stars can have good skin. For
I have seen a few on vacation from the
studios when they just forgot themselves
and too much sun, wind or cold had
worked the same havoc that they work
on our faces. However, the stars know
the way to get skin in condition again.
They use soap and water, cleansing and
softening cream, and many have little pet
ideas in the way of special treatments,
especially masks, usually home-made ones
of food ingredients.

Of one thing you may be sure, if you
are going to face any skin annoyances,
they will usually come in the Winter.
This, because cold weather changes the
general method of living for many and
resistance becomes lowered, largely due to
too much indoor life, more and heavier
food, and night social life that keeps us
up too late. We feel the result, and we
show it in hair, skin, nails, in figure
sometimes and in general lassitude. Skin,
however, seems the most serious target.
It becomes dry and taut, little unexpected
lines appear, make-up doesn't go on
smoothly and often we look in the mirror
with despair.

There are three things to think about
in correcting this condition:

Your general health and vitality,

which depend upon plenty of exer-
cise, fresh air, as much sunshine as
you can get and a sufficiently nour-
ishing diet, rich in vitamins.

Facial preparations that are right
for your special needs.

Correct use of these preparations.

Everyone is talking vitamins today, in
fact, even seeing them. For in the cos-
metics departments of some stores, you
may have noticed a neat flat box of little
pellets, the amber ones arranged on one
side, the dark ones on the other. They
look almost like a game of some sort until
you look closer and see that these are
Vitamins Plus, a convenient form of get-
ting your daily quota of vitamins and,
from all that I hear, a beauty and vitality
secret of many women. Take one of each
color daily with a meal and know that
your system has had a good ration of
vitamins A, B, C, D, E and G. Of course
you can't be sparkling and radiant if your
energy is low, if your whole body feels let
down. Of course, too, you are discouraged
at skin that simply won't look its best in
spite of care; in hair that won't take a
good permanent; in spirits that you sim-
ply can't lift because they're as heavy as
lead.

The idea of Vitamins Plus is that if
your lack of energy is due to lack of
vitamins—and this is often the case—here
in concentrated form is what you need.

[Continued on page 12]

At Last!

YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!



A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN

W.C. FIELDS
in
**You Can't Cheat
an Honest Man**
with
Edgar BERGEN
and
Charlie McARTHUR



LUXOR "Feather-Cling" FACE POWDER

*sits lightly as a feather—
stays on smoothly all day!*

• Don't spoil a well-groomed appearance with a heavy face powder! Get Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a *light touch*. It stays on smoothly for hours yet sits lightly as a feather. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it won't cake or streak. Buy it at toilet goods counters in smart, new shades for fifty-five cents. For generous size free trial sample, use coupon below.



Possibly, you're lucky and don't need extra vitamins. Most people do, however, need a good vitamin concentrate like Vitamins Plus added to their diet, especially in Winter, when sunshine vitamin D is out of reach of many.

Now, external aids! This is the cream season, and certainly many of us need more cream now than in Summer. This, however, does not mean that we forsake soap and water. Never! But balance your face diet according to need. Gail Patrick, for example, needs a very bland soap for her fine skin. But she would never think of applying make-up (in her case only powder and lipstick) without a foundation. She uses her hand lotion for this purpose. Joan Blondell likes a stirring, roughish treatment for her skin, and Margot Grahame uses cream almost entirely. There you are! Different ideas for different types, you see.

Generally speaking, in cream cleansers, you have three types. They are the quick-melting or liquefying cream, especially advisable for the skin that seems oily, yet is dry. This type cleanses thoroughly and seems to tone the skin with over-active oil glands to better behavior. From my observation, this type of cream has a tendency to refine skin, to leave it truly clean and to normalize it. Albolene Solid is an excellent cream of this kind. The cream, unscented, is so pure, so mild that it can be used as a cleanser and lubricant for babies' skin. This cream has wide use in hospitals and is found on the dressing-

table of many a star. It's economical, too, a nice, generous jar at a price you like to pay. For skin that just seems to pick up every particle of dust in the air, that seems to need a cleaner which goes below the surface and will easily remove make-up that has a tendency to "mask" on the face, Albolene Solid is *the* cream!

Contrasting to the skin just mentioned is the paper-thin, delicate type, oh so lovely, but so fragile and prone to show neglect. This skin seems to need a richer, creamier cleanser, and in this class is the rather new Cleansing Cream by Mary Pickford, the very cream she uses.

Many young skins get by very well with a cream that may be used as a cleanser and a night cream, too. Among my favorites are Lady Esther's Four Purpose Cream. This one cream can do a lot. I have been told that the secret of its good work is a special ingredient, very advisable for most skins.

Then there is Noxzema Combination Cleansing and Night Creams, medicated with Noxzema, very cleansing, softening and a kind of toner-upper for skins that are not so good.

There are a number of good ways to use your cleanser. Some spread it on with fingers. I like to apply it with a wooden spatula, the kind doctors use when they want you to open your mouth and say, "Ahh," so they may peep at your throat. This keeps the cream from getting under streamlined nails, where if not care-

[Continued on page 71]

Top—Eleanor Hanson's "milk and honey" skin is achieved with brisk up and out strokes with a good cleansing cream.

Left—"Swift, light up and down strokes for chin and throat," says Eleanor. She is right!



Right—A night lubricating cream is applied with light, circular movements.




"GUNGA DIN"

STARRING
CARY GRANT • VICTOR McLAGLEN
AND
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

With Sam Jaffe, Eduardo Ciannelli, Joan Fontaine
RKO RADIO PICTURE



Pandro S. Berman, in Charge of Production
Produced and Directed by George Stevens

Screen play by Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol. From a story by Ben Hecht
and Charles MacArthur. Inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem.



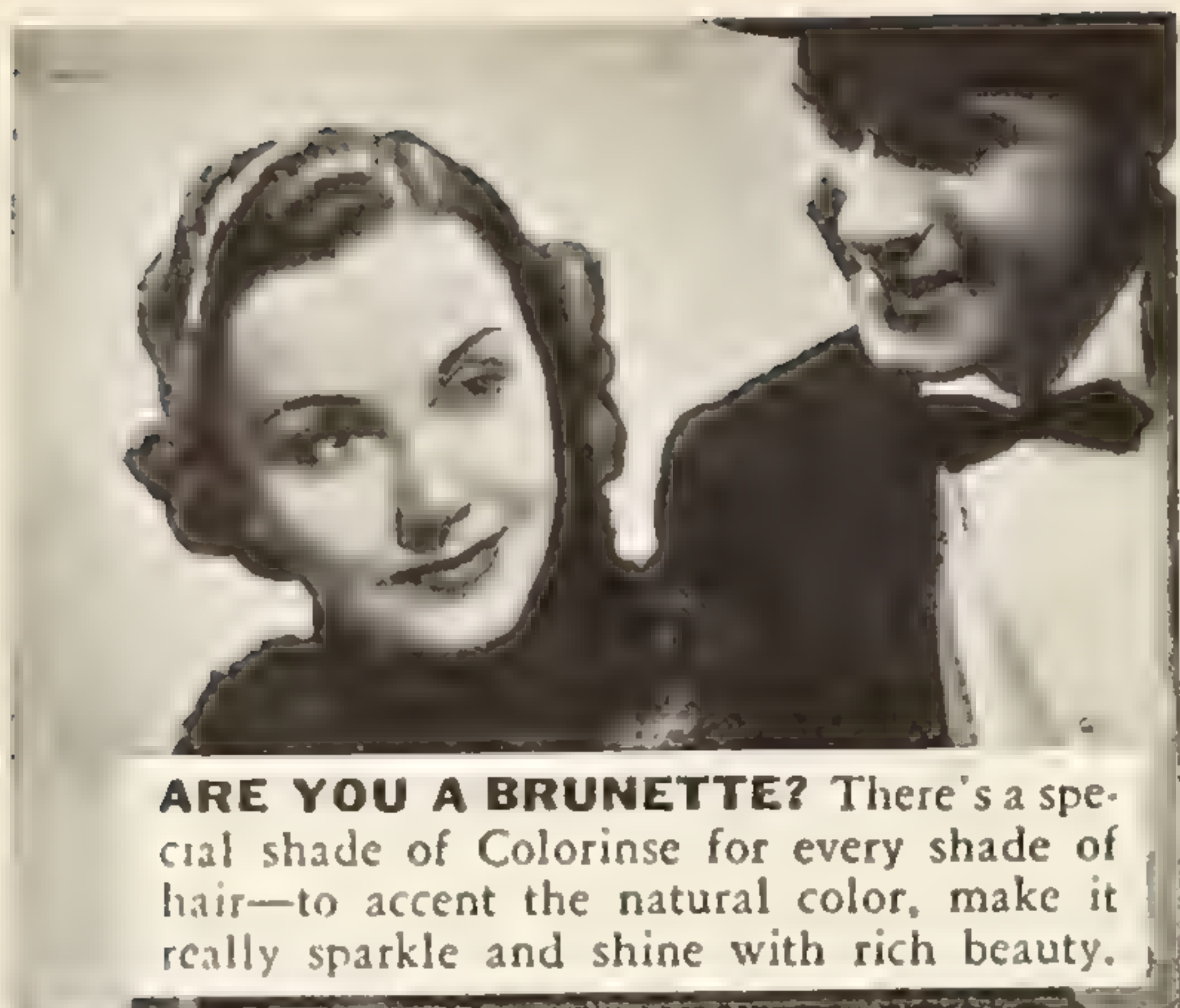
OUT of the stirring
glory of Kipling's
seething world of battle
they roar — red-blood
and gun-smoke heroes
all! . . . The stalwart,
loyal, swaggering Ser-
geants Three . . . Rash

and reckless battalioners, who'd rather
fight than find the lips they're always
seeking! . . . Like towering giants astride
the bristling hills that hide the bandit
hordes of India . . . Headlong through
the terrors of the Temples of Tantrapur
. . . Onward pushing the thin red line
of Empire through a land the white man
rules, but never conquers! . . . It's big!
It's grand! . . . It's glorious! . . . No
wonder it was more than a year in the mak-
ing . . . No wonder it taxed all Holly-
wood's resources to give the screen
a scope and a sweep and an emotional
blaze that it never has had before! . . .
DON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU
FROM SEEING IT!



THE YEAR'S BIG SHOW IS READY!

WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPERS
FOR LOCAL PLAY-DATES !!!



ARE YOU A BRUNETTE? There's a special shade of Colorinse for every shade of hair—to accent the natural color, make it really sparkle and shine with rich beauty.



ARE YOU A BLONDE? Bring out all the golden glamour of your hair with Colorinse—the tint-rinse that gives it the youthful radiance of brilliant, sparkling highlights!

Complete every shampoo with your own shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film; glorifies the natural color of the hair while blending in grey or faded streaks. Colorinse makes your hair soft, lustrous and easy to wave.

Colorinse is quick, easy and simple to use. Pure and harmless; not a dye or bleach. It costs so little, too — only a few pennies for each Colorinse. Two rinses for 10c in 10-cent stores; 25c for five rinses at drug and department stores.



SONG POEMS

WANTED AT ONCE!
Mother, Home, Love,
Patriotic, Sacred,
Comic or any subject.
Don't delay—send us

your original poem today for immediate consideration.
RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.

**“PURELY VEGETABLE”
LAXATIVE**

**ADVISED
BY NOTED
OHIO DOCTOR**



If you are troubled by constipation and its often resulting bad breath, headaches, mental dullness, lack of pep, dull eyes and aggravated pimply skin—DON'T take harsh cathartics—especially when you can enjoy the gentle yet most effective action of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets (used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in his own private practice).

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. And **WHAT'S IMPORTANT:** they **ALSO** stimulate liver bile flow to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness **TONIGHT!** 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

USE SYRUP FOR ENERGY

*Recipes That Will
Answer The Require-
ments Of Adult And
Child Alike.*

By
Ruth Corbin

(All recipes kitchen tested)

THE human body uses a natural sugar as its fuel. This sugar (dextrose) is indispensable to life. It is our immediate source of energy. The heart could not beat, the lungs could not function, the muscles could not contract without dextrose. Doctors recommend it in the diet of infants to prevent loss of weight since it supplies them with quick food energy without disturbing their delicate digestions. It is vital to young children, invalids, athletes—in fact to all active people. Doctor Allan Roy Dafoe has said that the dextrose and maltose in Karo, the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets, are ideal carbohydrates for growing children.

Dextrose is virtually non-fattening. An active child or adult who is in

constant action, as, for example, the Hollywood picture stars, utilizes dextrose rapidly as a “fuel,” and since it is pre-digested it is promptly absorbed into the blood stream and transformed into heat and energy. Because the exacting work and long shooting schedule of picture stars is a drain on physical endurance they depend largely upon dextrose to supply the all important energy and vitality necessary to combat fatigue.

This question of energy and the value of candy, or dextrose, has recently been the subject of investigation among doctors. They have, after many experiments, concluded that the blood sugar is at its lowest level three hours after a meal and that a candy bar eaten then has proven of benefit in lifting blood sugar levels. Irritable, restless, nervous children often need not scolding but candy. Intensive tests show that more accidents occur in factories in the hour before lunch and the hour before closing than at any other time.

This does not mean that candy, sugar or syrup should be used to the exclusion of other foods. It is to be consumed moderately for its energy giving value.

In the following recipes I have endeavored to bring



Anne Shirley, since her recent marriage, takes quite an interest in cooking. Here she is whipping up a batch of pancakes for late Sunday morning breakfast.

you foods wherein a syrup rich in dextrose may be used. I am doubtless only one of a small army of women who stock Karo exclusively on the pantry shelf. In these recipes *Karo Blue Label* was used wherever a syrup is mentioned except in those calling for white syrup—this was the Karo Red Label brand.

VIRGINIA ROAST HAM

Scrub an 8 or 10 pound ham with cold water containing a little baking soda; rinse in cold water and place in a kettle with 1 cup of Karo syrup and a tablespoon of pickle spice. Cover with boiling water and simmer until tender—about 4 hours. Let stand in the water another 2 hours. Remove skin, brush with syrup, sprinkle thickly with dry bread crumbs and dot with cloves at even intervals. Bake 1½ hours in a slow oven (300° F.) basting frequently.

DIVINITY FUDGE

- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup white Karo syrup
- ½ cup water
- 2 egg whites
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup pecan meats
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

I am giving this grand recipe instead of Chocolate Fudge which almost everyone knows how to make. Combine syrup, water, salt and sugar. Bring to a boil and continue until it will form a soft ball in cold water. Beat egg whites stiff and gradually beat in the boiling syrup. Whip

until it begins to stiffen, add vanilla and nuts. Beat again and pour into a buttered pan.

HUBBARD SQUASH IDEAL

Prepare Hubbard Squash as usual for baking. For each portion mix 2 tablespoons of crushed pineapple with 1 tablespoon white syrup. Spread this mixture over top of squash and place a little butter on each portion. Bake in a slow oven for 15 minutes and serve piping hot.

CREOLE JUANITA

For this excellent dessert make a ring of sweet rice filled with apples, peaches, pineapple and bananas. Cook 1 cup of rice in boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and add ½ cup sugar and pack into a ring mold. Boil ¾ cup water, ½ cup sugar and ½ cup Karo. Add 2 cups fruit cut in small pieces and cook until tender. Unmold rice and fill with fruit. Cover with sliced marshmallows and garnish border with slices of maraschino cherries. Set in a very hot oven until marshmallows are golden brown.

PANCAKES

- 2 cups flour
- 4 heaping tablespoons baking powder
- 2 tablespoons Karo syrup
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Milk

Once when I started to make up a batch of Flannel Cakes I discovered that there were no eggs in the house. Likewise, it was a Sunday morning so the stores

were closed. But the family demanded pancakes so something had to be done. The result was this simplest of all recipes. Measure and sift flour, salt and baking powder. Add syrup to milk. (Evaporated milk, half and half, may be used). Amount of milk varies according to taste. If a thin batter is wanted 4 cups are necessary, otherwise 3¼ are sufficient. Beat well until entirely smooth. Yields about 12 pancakes.

BAKED WHOLE ORANGES

Slightly grate skin of 6 whole oranges. Boil oranges 30 minutes. Cool. Cut slice from blossom end of each orange and remove core. Crowd into each orange 1 teaspoon butter and 1 tablespoon light brown sugar. Cover oranges with a syrup of 2 parts water and 1 part *white Karo*. Bake closely covered at moderate temperature (375° F.) 1½ to 3 hours, depending upon color desired—longer baking gives a darker fruit and more like a preserve with a thicker syrup. If oranges are not completely covered by syrup baste frequently. Serve with or without remaining syrup. This is a grand and variable dish. It is delightful served with ham, roast fowl, lamb or pork. It may be used as a salad by removing center of baked orange and filling with cream or cottage cheese, or quarters of orange may be arranged around a mound of cheese and served with any desired dressing. It makes a nice dessert by simply browning a marshmallow on top of an orange or a slice before serving.

[Continued on page 70]



*1st STEP—Mixing—
takes a minute



2nd STEP—Applying—
takes a minute



3rd STEP—Resting—
for twenty minutes



4th STEP
Rinsing off
completely

Why not try
Linit
Complexion
Mask
NOW?
All Grocers
Sell LINIT

Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: *Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. Apply it to the cleansed face and neck and relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.



and here's
SOMETHING NEW!
LINIT ALL-PURPOSE POWDER
for every member of the
family. Delightfully dif-
ferent. TRY IT TODAY!





THE ROSE TEST

Dip a rose into two inches of water in an ordinary glass. Remove, and see how the waxy film has repelled most of the water. Then add a little Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam to the water and dip the rose again. Now remove it; you will note that every petal is covered with water; Luster-Foam has surged into tiny pits and cracks on the petal surface in a way impossible with water alone. On the teeth, Luster-Foam acts similarly, foaming into tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the enamel, where so much decay starts.

Told on the petals of a rose

THE MAGIC TALE OF HOW

LUSTER-FOAM
(C₁₄ H₂₇ O₅ S Na)

GETS TEETH SUPER-CLEAN

THE simple little experiment outlined above, we believe, will convince you that Luster-Foam detergent, in the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, is indeed a remarkable dental discovery . . . the modern, dainty aid to lovelier, more lustrous teeth, which you should be using.

It gives you a close-up of Luster-Foam detergent in action . . . makes it easier for you to comprehend how amazingly it cleanses your teeth, reveals its astonishing power to spread into danger zones of decay.

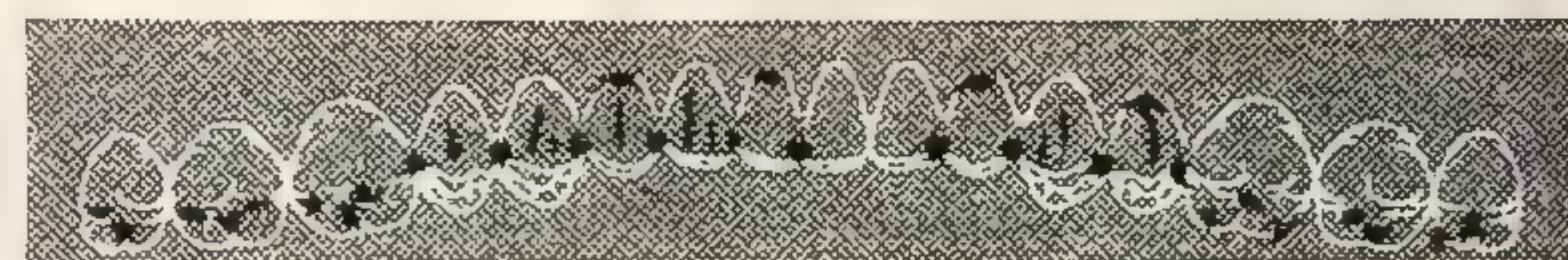
You readily understand how this super-wetting agent, as Science calls Luster-Foam, surges into neglected, hard-to-reach areas that even water alone may not enter, and gets after tiny defects on teeth enamel,

where some authorities state more than 75% of decay starts. (See chart to right.)

The Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath"

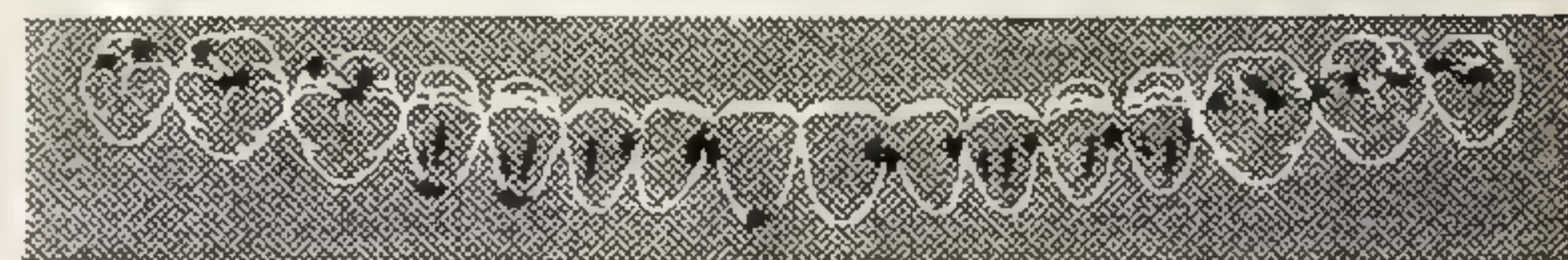
Energized into a dainty "bubble bath" at the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam gets to these danger zones. Meanwhile it attacks those oily food films which hold fresh stains, foster decay, and make the enamel dull. At the same time, Luster-Foam aids in preventing dangerous acid ferments that attack enamel.

Is it any wonder that this new tooth paste is winning thousands of friends every day? See why yourself. Your drug counter has it in two economical sizes: Regular 25¢, and big, double-size at 40¢.



TYPICAL DANGER ZONES

WHERE SOME AUTHORITIES ESTIMATE MORE THAN 75% OF DECAY STARTS



Tiny pits, cracks, and fissures in these danger zones are breeding spots of decay. A study of 12,753 persons showed that most of it is centered in the bicus-pids and molars, although other teeth showed a substantial amount.

Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with Luster-Foam was created to get at these vulnerable areas, so often neglected and so hard to reach.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE *NEW* FORMULA



More than 1/4 POUND of tooth paste
in the double size tube - 40¢
Regular size tube - 25¢

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM
(C₁₄ H₂₇ O₅ S Na)

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

ON TOUR with her celebrated Ice Revue of 1939 Sonja Henie meets innumerable stage door Johnnies who ask her to have supper with them after the show. Says Sonja with a cute smile, "Certainly, if I may bring my entire troupe."

BELIEVE it or not, Asta, the dog in the Thin Man series, has a clause in his contract which gives him top screen billing over any other animal actor.

THROUGH sun baths, which have been discovered to influence her assimilative processes, Olympe

by Mrs. Kerstin Wijmark, editor of Vecko-Revyn and correspondent for Film-journalen, leading Swedish publications, who came over on the SS. Kungsholm with Greta.

"Prior to her departure, Garbo was invited to an important social event," declared Mrs. Wijmark, "which was to be attended by nobility. She appeared wearing slacks—to which, incidentally, the hostess and guests, immaculately attired, paid not the slightest bit of attention. Later, slacks became very popular as a result of the Garbo influence."

SILVER

SCREEN

Bradna claims she has lost 15 pounds.

QUITE a sense of humor has Loretta Young. She collects all the erroneous romance stories about herself in a scrapbook labeled, "Oh, My."

HOLLYWOOD is about to let loose a "no" to fashion dictators which will be heard around the world. A check of leading feminine personalities of the screen reveals a universal ban against the "little girl just out of the bathtub" coiffure smiled upon so beamingly by the creators of chic.

Garbo leads off, with a shoulder-length coiffure for her new starring feature, "Ninotchka." Norma Shearer wears a modern version of a Dutch-boy bob in "Idiot's Delight." A simple, half-length hair-do with side part is Joan Crawford's choice for her new starring production, "Ice Follies of 1939." The glamorous Hedy Lamarr allows her hair to hang loose to the shoulders, with a deep center part for "I Take This Woman." And Myrna Loy continues to be the "perfect wife," by refusing to go in for the "skinned rabbit" effect in the new Thin Man production.

IT TOOK Garbo to introduce Hollywood slacks to royalty. This was the word brought to the film colony yesterday

Bob Hope and Mary Boland and Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck and a dozen or so others. All stood around in fascinated silence.

"Must be looking for some of Swanson's diamonds," Martha offered, so Bob obligingly called to the excavator, "What are you tearing the place down for?" "Gotta," said the man, "Termites." Thus passeth the glory of Gloria Swanson's bungalow.

WALLY FORD tells of an actor who complains of seeing nightspots before his eyes.

SI WILLS, Joan Davis' husband tells on his wife, while Joan's face turns crimson. Says Si, "When Joan hurt her back at the studio not long ago and couldn't straighten up she said, 'Gosh, Si, suppose I can never take a bow again!'"

Keeping up the spirit of the month, Olivia de Havilland poses for your Valentine.

"SOME BELIEVE THEIR



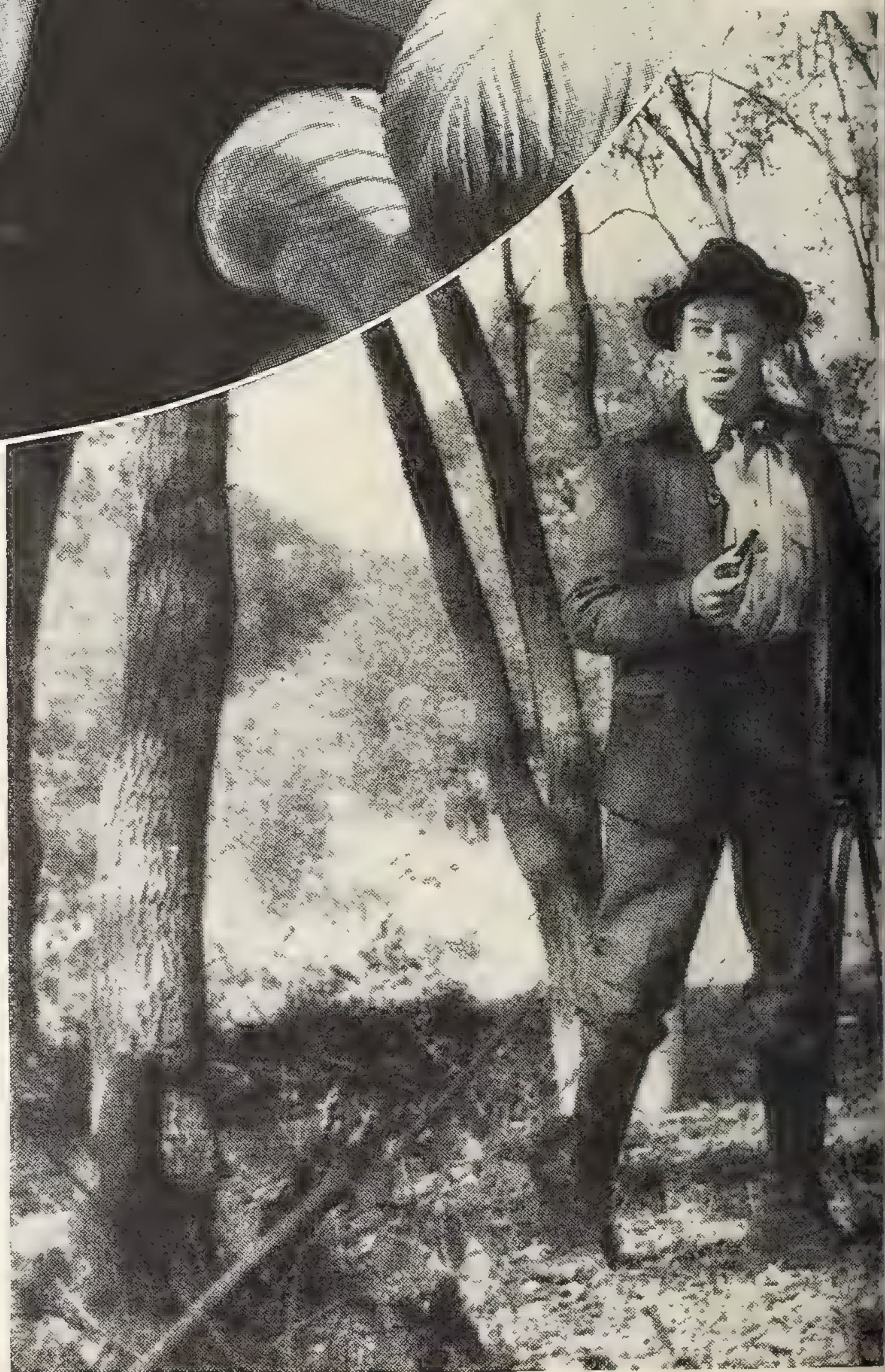
Joan Crawford puts her will-power into succeeding, not in failing gracefully.

Fame Is A Skyrocket. A Player Who Watches His Reputation Flaming Across The Sky Must Keep His Feet On The Ground.

SOME ONE of the White House occupants (it sounds as though Abe Lincoln authored it), observed that success affects men in two ways: they either grow or swell. The observation has been dramatized in many individual careers in Hollywood, during the past year. Some performers have grown in every respect—in acting ability, in fan popularity, in modesty. Others, and quite a few of the younger players are included in this, have swelled. Youngsters who handled failure fairly well have been flattened by success, which is a warier antagonist. I see these kids become swell-headed, pompous, conceited, snobbish, and I mourn for them because pride goes before a fall and quite a few of them have a fall waiting for them.

The town of Hollywood is partly to blame,

The social life is not for Paul Muni. His integrity lies in the simplicity of his acting.



PRESS CLIPPINGS!"

By Ed Sullivan



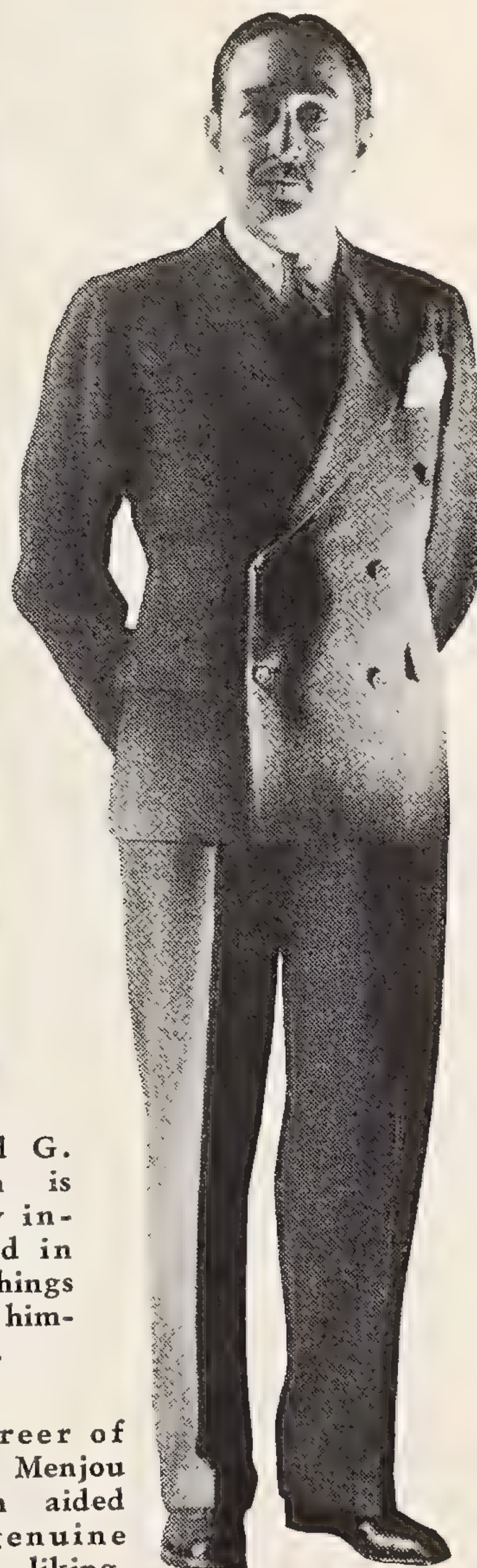
The popular Don Ameche. Is his laugh growing stale?



The manliness of Robert Taylor is not in doubt any more.



Edward G. Robinson is eagerly interested in other things besides himself.



The career of Adolphe Menjou goes on aided by a genuine personal liking.

wife have accomplished the exceedingly difficult latter task by refusing to be sucked into the social life of Hollywood. Mrs. Muni has not entered into a race with other wives in the matter of jewelry, furs, cars or mansions. It is a rare occasion indeed when you see them in a Hollywood night club or at a party. They live twenty miles from Hollywood, on the shores of the Pacific at Palos Verdes, and they achieve a dignity of home life that preserves a sense of proportion.

Clark Gable, the No. 1 hero of the screen, has much the same instinct for personal privacy and detachment from Hollywood's merry-go-round that distinguishes Muni. In twelve months out here, I saw Gable and Carole Lombard at a night club just once. That was the night of the benefit for the widow of Ted Healy, at which they appeared, and, following it, Gable and Carole showed up at the Clover Club for several hours. They seemed to be having a grand time, too. They sat alone, danced together and left the place hand in hand. Gable, in the course of ten years, has grown steadily—he has grown in acting ability, in popularity and in the development of a fine sense of self-humor that adds to his likability. It is Gable who kids about his ears, about "Parnell," and about his he-man reputation.

Yet Gable never sacrifices his dignity. He can be pleasant without putting on a prop smile that some of the youngsters exhibit so continuously that they wear you down. Gable won't let an exhibitionist use him as a target, just to prove that he is good-natured. Within bounds, he is genial. When pests go beyond those bounds, he can freeze up very swiftly and very effectively. In other words, he acts the way you expect a normal person to act.

There are few completely normal people in Hollywood. Exposed to abnormal publicity, it is little wonder that a lot of them begin to believe their press clippings. Don Ameche, for instance, has received so much publicity on his laugh that I imagine an unconscious act has become a very conscious part of his equipment. Fay Bainter has been given so much publicity because of her mobile eyebrows I imagine she is embarrassed now every time she lifts them. Zasu Pitts probably would like to put her hands in her pocket, but, until the end of time, she must flutter them to satisfy a public that [Continued

because it is a colony of incredible snobbery, and the daily routine of "keeping up with the Joneses" is an exhausting process. It is a process that exhausts salaries, dignity, modesty and a sense of humor.

Despite all this, some performers grow, instead of swelling. Take for instance, the case of Paul Muni, who is just about the most thorough actor in this business. Year after year, Muni has added to his professional prestige and retained his personal integrity. Muni and his

tinued on page 69]

Women Know Why Clark Gable Has The Kind Of Popularity That Survives Poor Pictures And The Passing Years, And Why He Never Loses A Friend.

MY EDITOR was rather late coming across with my Christmas present this past year. For a while there he had me worried and I was beginning to regret that finely knitted scarf I sent him. But when it did come I was so deliriously pleased that you can be quite certain that I didn't exchange it at the January sales for a dozen hand embroidered sheets. It came by Western Union and it read, "I AM GIVING YOU GABLE FOR YOUR NEXT PROJECTION." Well, really now, there's nothing better than receiving Gable, even if it is only by wire. So it is with little chirrupings of joy that I fall upon my typewriter, breaking a dandy set of finger-nails.

Although Hollywood doesn't go back so far in actual years, however, I do recall several glacial periods on the Metro lot—we have our traditions just the same as Boston, Charleston, and New Orleans. It has long been one of our better traditions that a young man cannot succeed to stardom in Hollywood unless he is handsome (Robert Taylor) or lavishly gifted (Paul Muni), or an ardent playboy (Errol Flynn). It has also long been an accepted tradition that a star can't keep on having flops and retain his popularity.

Well, I might say, in fact I will say, that Mr. Gable simply kicks hell out of those fine old traditions. He isn't particularly handsome, he isn't particularly gifted, he isn't particularly fond of the gay night life, and he's had two bad pictures lately that would send any other star deep into the glooms. But Clark is more popular today than he was yesterday. He never loses a friend; he gains them steadily.

What about this Gable guy? What's he got that the other leading men in Hollywood haven't got, and would give their eye teeth to have?

Well, I'll tell you. He's got charm. Great gobs of charm. And you don't have to grope into the Barrie whimsies to explain the Gable charm. The secret of Clark's charm is his enthusiasm. He has probably never been bored in his life. He was born with plenty of the joy of living, and the wealth and fame of his last few years haven't managed to make him the least bit blasé about anything. He does everything with the enthusiasm and excitement of a first time.

For instance, when girl friend Carole Lombard says, "Let's drive down to the beach tonight and ride on the roller coasters," Clark immediately responds, "Oh swell, let's go right away." Other men (the men I know) snarl, "Aw, nuts, we've done that a hundred times. I'm sick of roller coasters. Isn't there anything new to do?" But not Mr. Gable. Roller coasters suddenly become the most exciting thing in his life.

Clark has seen litters of puppies and kittens ever since he was a shy little boy playing on his grandparents' farm way back in Pennsylvania, but all you have to do today is tell Clark about a new litter, or a new foal, and he will jump in his car and drive hundreds of miles to see it. The last puppies and kittens, and the last foal, are always the cutest and best. The Gable enthusiasm is about the most exhilarating thing we have in this neck of the woods.

His simplicity is also a definite part of his charm. Clark will gladly give you all the night clubs in Hollywood for one day at a county fair. The annual county fair at Pomona, California, is a big Event in his life, and if he is making a picture at the time he'll juggle his schedule somehow or other to get

in a day at the fair.

He and Carole will climb into his station wagon early in the morning and set out for Pomona. In a park along the way they will spread their picnic lunch (Clark is simply daffy on the subject of picnic lunches) and gobble down great quantities of Jessie's fried chicken. Jessie, the Lombard cook for years, is the best chicken fryer West of the Rockies, and you can be sure Mr. Gable never misses a chance to tell her so.

Once in the fair grounds Clark is in seventh heaven. "I'm only a country kid," he'll tell you, and boyoboy, the country certainly pops out of him at a county fair. He gives Carole his critical opinion of all the cows, bulls, hogs and goats. He is very fond of the horses and spends hours with them. Then he goes through all the bazaars, tastes the jellies and the jams, jollies the old ladies from the Ladies



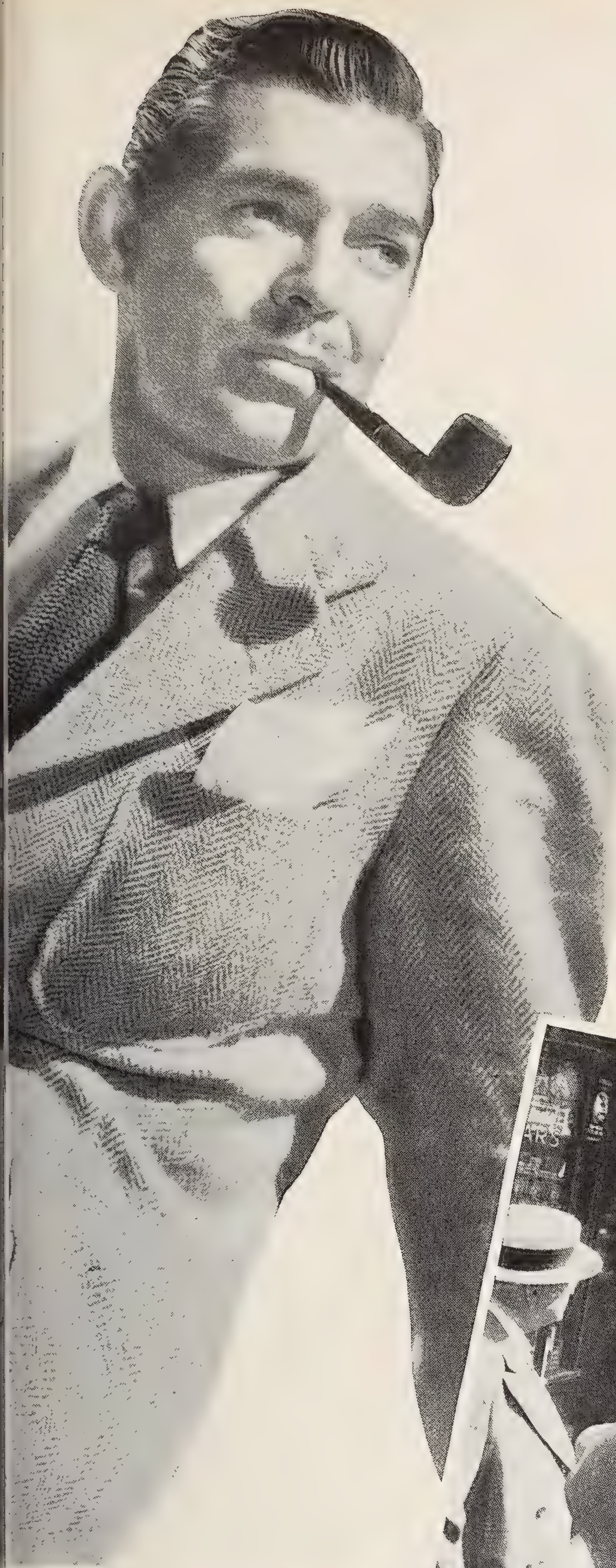
GABLE—

"SWELL
GUY"

By Elizabeth
Wilson

Aid, and most intelligently discusses crops with the orange growers of southern California.

If there are prizes to be awarded he'll gladly award them; little things like microphones and impromptu speeches don't phase Mr. Gable in the least—though they have been known to send some of our other stars to bed for weeks. After a dinner of hamburgers and hot dogs and root beer he will play all the concessions and win a flock of prizes, everything from Mae West dolls to ash trays, which he divides among the kids that gather around. All the way home he sings at the



quite set-up about it. Anyone can dine with Mrs. Astor, but only a chosen few can dine with a bearded lady.

And speaking of dining, if you are planning to invite Mr. Gable to dinner any time soon, you might like to know his favorite dishes. He's a pushover for turnips, fried mush, and hominy grits. None of that *chi chi* breast of chicken under glass. He'd much rather have fried mush and syrup. Or some grits with gravy.

And, by the way, he's the most prompt person in the world. He's never been known to make a movie star "entrance." If you invite him for 7:30 dinner he is very likely to arrive at 6:30 and help you make the cocktails, or hang a few pictures, or something. He isn't very fond of formal dinners at the homes of the Right People—naturally he wouldn't be, as turnips and mush aren't the most popular dishes with Hollywood hostesses—but one or two nights a week he will take Carole to dinner at the Brown Derby, where a man can get a he-man meal. At the Derby he will order ham and two eggs, "one of them good," he will add—which always gets a giggle from the waitress. When the eggs arrive he will ask, "Which is the good one?" and this will break the waitress up completely. "That Mr. Gable," she will tell the other girls, "sure is a card."

Clark lives out in the Valley in a house owned by Alice Terry, former screen star. It's rather a small house, and, as you can well imagine, is cluttered up with dogs and cats and horses. Clark's hobby is working with leather goods, and he has one room of the house all fitted up with gadgets and things so he can enjoy his hobby to the fullest. He makes all his own holsters, parts of saddles, and anything in the leather line. He loves the smell of leather, and the smell of tomatoes cooking.

He is a charming host, and the minute you enter his house the house is yours. He promptly enters into the spirit of anything you want to do—bridge, conversation, ping pong, match games, but he rather hopes you'll want to sing. He loves to tear into "Arizona Cowboy Joe" and unless you stop him he'll sing away about the woes and adventures of Cowboy Joe for hours. He's no Nelson Eddy but his voice isn't bad, well not too bad. Remember the enthusiasm with which he sang, "The Horse With the Dreamy Eyes" in "Saratoga?"

When Clark first came into "big money" several years ago he went in for ornate expensive foreign cars. But that fad soon passed. Now he swears by American cars, wouldn't have anything else. He drives his own car, never has had a chauffeur in his life, and his mechanic bills

are next [Continued on page 78]

Clark in a scene which occurs in "Idiot's Delight," his new picture.



top of his voice. Some people get awfully bored with county fairs, but not Mr. Gable.

Next to fairs he probably loves circuses. And he hasn't missed a circus that played anywhere near Hollywood in years. He knows personally the clowns and the lion tamers, even a few of the better lions, and if he can wangle an invitation to dinner in the commissary tent he feels



Dorothy Lamour keeps her allure even in a 'phone booth.



Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford at El Morocco. His arm is still strapped from his recent accident.

New York
ENTERTAINS
THE
Head-Liners
BETWEEN
PICTURES

By Jerome Zerbe

"Flashshots" of the
Screen Big Shots



Fred Perry, the tennis pro, and Helen Vinson, his wife, with the Bertram Weals, New Yorkers. Professional tennis is on the up-swing because of Perry, Vines and Budge.



Gloria Swanson and her party meet for an after theatre chat.



Right—Bob Benchley, famous critic, as he arrives at the opening of "Leave It To Me."



Jack Oakie and his wife. They are reconciled and quite happy about it.



Kitty Carlisle looking very decorative.



William K. Howard, director of "Cafe New York," with Patricia Ellis and Johnny Walker.



FEW events excite the interest of New Yorkers as much as a gala first night, and the opening of "Leave It To Me" with music by Cole Porter was no exception. Crowds of autograph hounds, the idle and the merely curious lined the streets to watch the celebrities arrive. Police pushed and admonished to no avail. Then late, after dining at the "Colony" and "21," the "Great Folk" began to arrive. There were poli-

ticians, actors and their friends, many of the so-called "Cafe Society" set, but alas, for hopeful fans and even more anxious radio announcers and newspaper reporters, very few movie stars. Fortunately, those few were, in a diamond merchant's language, "first water." There were the Stuart Erwins—he in a soft black hat and she in a dress of white tulle with a design of gold paillettes and a superb cape of blue fox. With them was handsome and serious Pat O'Brien.

[Continued on page 77]

Each Has Had Her "Coming Out Party" And Each Eagerly Awaits The Invitations And Orchids That Mark The Warmth Of Her Reception, And Indicate The Brilliance Of Her Future.



Ruth Hussey is a dark-eyed, smoldering beauty. Destiny has her in mind.

THE pathway to stardom can be wonderfully easy and direct for a young and unknown girl, notwithstanding all the discouraging essays and statistics you have read. You needn't have stage, screen or radio experience, nor be a ravishing beauty, nor, for that matter, have a good dose of the well known personality, in order to land a studio contract. All you need to have is what Mimi Lilygren, rechristened Jo Ann Sayers, has, for instance.

You probably saw her in "Young Dr. Kildare" and came away haunted by her poignant charm. Haunted, my friends, is a strong word, but no other verb can describe the peculiar effect of her remarkable performance in that picture, in which she played a rich and unhappy girl who tries to commit suicide, but is revived and taken to a hospital, where a formidably bearded psychiatrist considered her insane until an interne, young Dr. Kildare, proved that she wasn't. I'll grant that she is "a swell dish," as Nat Pendleton, in the role of the ambulance driver, said on first seeing her, but it wasn't her beauty alone that fairly electrified audiences. No mere beauty can do that in a motion picture theatre. By her very first appearance on the screen this young lady, with no acting experience except some school dramatics, compelled enraptured attention. She showed that she possesses that mysterious quality of the true, born artist—the ability to infect others. You may have read in the papers how a pretty society girl in Springfield, Mass., committed suicide by poison a few hours after seeing this picture. It's tragic, and yet, proves my point. There was a wave of suicides in Germany when Goethe published his Werther. The test of a work of art is its infectious quality.

Mimi Lilygren was a student in the University of Washington when she came to Hollywood for a brief vacation, and that visit changed the course of her life. She was born when the gods were in a generous mood, and she has been spared the heartaches and difficulties that lie on the path of the newcomer. Hollywood is not impressed by a pretty face and a good figure; nor the fact that Mimi was Ski Queen of the University Carnival and Princess of the Cadet Ball had anything to do with her getting a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. It was her inner flame, the divine fire in her, that mysterious glowing



SCREEN

By

Leo

Ruth's gamin spirit would be welcomed on the screen—only failure is moody.

'Debs'

Surmelian

The nonchalant lady at the right is Mimi Lilygren, renamed Jo Ann Sayers for screen purposes. And she is good enough to make both names famous.



power which is more than personality, that prompted the Metro moguls to ask her to sign on the dotted line.

When you meet her in real life, you immediately feel it. She is "different." This is her first magazine interview. She seemed to be a little surprised when I told her SILVER SCREEN wanted me to introduce her to its readers. Fan magazines are interested in big names; she didn't feel she was important enough. Perhaps she isn't yet, but her story is. She wore a swagger tweed coat, and there was a cute

black ribbon in her light brown hair. She has high cheekbones, blue-gray eyes, which though sparkling with a healthy vivacity, have a deeply sad look in them, and there is something Garboesque about her. Her Swedish inheritance may have something to do with that. Her father's parents came from Sweden. He is the Northwest representative of Bendix products.

"My mother is from Kentucky," she said, her eyes shining with tender lights. "She is very charming! I'm the second of three daughters. My oldest sister just married. I hope to marry some day, too, and I want to have either two or four children. I love children!"

"What was your childhood ambition? To be an actress?"

"No, I can't say it was. Of course, we kids gave shows in our backyard, as kids do everywhere. My father put up a nice little theatre for us, with drapes and everything, and the

When Dr. Kildare brought the suicide girl to life, Jo Ann Sayers' career was already propitiously started.



garage was our dressing-room. We used to parade up and down the street in costume to advertise our show to the neighbors, and we served punch to the audience. Our biggest take was \$1.42. I didn't think seriously about acting until I was graduated from high school, although I believe I've lived through every picture I've seen ever since I was that high." She smiled. Her long sensitive fingers played with her stitched sport gloves. "My childhood heroine was Queen Elizabeth. But then, I suppose every girl goes through the stage of playing queen."

Did she have a nickname as a child? "My uncle used to call me Dynamite," she laughed. "And my mother called me Twinkle-Toes. She says I used to twinkle my toes as a baby. She also says I was born with an angel's veil over my face. It's just a superstition, and is supposed to be a good sign." She assured me she isn't dynamite [Continued on page 74]

The FAR EAST Comes



Fredric March, Joan Bennett and the yacht "Athene" which sailed across the world in order that a motion picture might be colorful and entertaining.

"TRADE WINDS" would be an entertaining motion picture if it were filmed inside a tent. It's that kind of story. But, with the advantages of scenes which Author-Director Tay Garnett traveled half way 'round the world to film, one gets the "flavor" of the Orient and of far-off places and a fast moving detective story is made that much more interesting because of it.

Nearly four years ago Tay Garnett had a dream of exciting new adventure. He had already directed pictures in Greenland, in the Alps, in Tahiti, Cuba, off the Alaskan Coast, in Central America and in just about every state in the Union and his dream carried him away on his new 105 ft. yacht "Athene" to the Orient, and islands of the equatorial regions, Ceylon and distant shores where there was photographic and dramatic color Hollywood had not yet captured. It was quite a dream but all his life Garnett had been a dreamer and, the son of a naval surgeon, he had always loved the sea and most of

his dreams had sails attached to them.

On week ends, while the "Athene" lay at anchor in a cove at Santa Catalina island, Garnett began to dramatize and build his adventurous dream into a screen play. Into each adventure of his leading characters he put some dreams of his own, some suppressed desire that some day might be realized. He had had three busy years without a real vacation and his present picture assignment was coming to a close. Before the picture plot was anything like completed Garnett, his wife and a competent crew of equally adventurous studio folk who liked the sea and had time to travel 'round

the world, set out for Hawaii aided by the trade winds of the season.

En route to Hawaii Garnett put more of his dreams on paper. Once in Honolulu he built up the native sequence of the picture and with his camera crew made specific background scenes. After an enjoyable visit to various islands the "Athene" headed for Japan for more color, thence South to Shanghai, Indo-China, the Malay Straits, India, Ceylon and the Laccadive Islands. Days became weeks and months and Garnett's story reached a climax, was re-written a time or two, polished up and "clocked" with a stop watch to establish a possible length for screening.

The entire crew knew the story plot. In the middle of the night Garnett would sit bolt upright in his bunk, stare into the darkness, snap his fingers with decision and get up and make notes of some new angle, some bit of comedy or dramatics which had just come to him. A dreamer, certainly, but a prac-

o Hollywood

Muddy Rivers In China, And Coral Encircled Harbors Where Pearl Divers Hide, Have Been Brought To The Studio For Back-grounds For "Trade Winds."

By
Gladys W.
Babcock



Ann Sothern snoots Fred March as he "de-boots" Joan Bennett. What, no bootjack?

Tay Garnett, at the wheel of his 105 ft. yacht, sets forth on the trail of a dramatic setting for his picture.

The characters in the story take a ride on the Road to Mandalay, or something.

tical one, we would say.

As the cruise continued Garnett drew out camera angles and the base lines for sets yet to be built and made specific photographic shots to go behind them. "As we look out of the door we see the front of this Oriental hotel," Garnett would explain, the finished picture going through his mind, "and out of the window here, to the left, we see the street with hundreds of people, rickshaws, coolies, oxen." Then armed with na-



Below — Curious vessels and strange boatmen give reality to a spritely detective story.



tive police permits, government orders and frequently with the cameras hidden in laundry wagons or shielded by coats, telephone poles or umbrellas "those secretive Americans" would photograph the "angles" later to fit so perfectly in the finished film.

After nearly 18 months the "Athene" returned to the port of Los Angeles, Garnett brought 150,000 feet of film negative and an equal amount of positive printed film ashore with his typewriter, his script, now dog-eared from constant reference changing and pencilled [Continued on page 63]

Miss Stanton's Letter, Which Won The Prize Offered In The November Criticism Contest, Has Been Read At The Warner Brothers' Studio And Here Are Some Answers.

Hollywood

IN EXTOLLING the universal virtues of "White Banners" and "Green Light" Miss Stanton—winner of Silver Screen's letter award—reflects not only the attitude of the motion picture public in its cinema likes and dislikes but sounds the clarion cry of Hollywood as well.

It's a well-recognized fact that film moguls strive to turn out pictures appealing to all classes of audiences. Too often, though, it must be admitted, producers miscalculate, misjudge the popular mind, with the result that such pictures as Miss Stanton decries are foisted upon none-too-responsive theatre-goers.

Drama significant and possessed of human qualities is what the public really wants.

"At the risk of sounding very sentimental," Edmund Goulding, director of "White Banners," told me, on the set of his new picture, "Dark Victory," "I have long since learned that nothing counts in life more than the simple, old-fashioned truths. That is why 'White Banners' was so splendidly received.

"You will remember that the central character in it was a woman with a philosophy so beautiful and homely that it changed the life of everyone who came in contact with her. Its content was so moving and so compassionate that it affected all of us on the set, even while the film was in production.

"Between scenes, the actors would sit around discussing this woman as though she were a real person, rather than a character in a book. The public may tire of swing and jazz and modern 'isms,' but it will never tire of the things that bring a spiritual uplift."

It is no mere coincidence that Goulding's latest directorial effort is also a tale of a woman's courage. He has always tried to choose stories with an underlying human theme, and he believes he has succeeded in this film starring Bette Davis. In "Dark Victory" hers is to be a gallant, emotional role, and with such a combination—Goulding lending the gentle simplicity of his genius, Bette offering a deeply inspired characterization—the picture cannot fail to score. It is a story of courage against all odds, even the shadow of death, and undoubtedly will reveal a new Bette Davis as well as a screen classic of distinction.

Claude Rains, who co-starred with Fay Bainter in "White Banners" and who will next be glimpsed in the role of Napoleon III in "Juarez," grows enthusiastic every time he looks back upon the picturization of that Lloyd C. Douglas novel.

"The thing that impressed me first about 'White Banners' was that a story so typically American seemed as familiar to me in spirit as if it had been laid in my native England. When I analyzed this, the answer was easy. Good old-fashioned courage and decency are just the same wherever one

goes. And therein lies the appeal of simple human stories.

"The author of 'White Banners' knew this. I know it. You know it. I have no patience with the half-baked modern intellectuals who think it is clever to make fun of simple virtues. Anybody who thinks at all must realize that if Life has no spiritual meaning, it has no meaning at all."

On the set of "Yes, My Darling Daughter," Fay Bainter presented a figure that was a far cry from her drab Hannah of "White Banners." Smartly-clad in a light morning dress, she presided over a cheerful breakfast-room scene, in which Ian Hunter, Roland Young, Genevieve Tobin and May Robson also sat at the table. As the mother of Priscilla Lane in this screen version of the widely-discussed stage play, she struck a highly sophisticated note, modern, gay, intellectual.

"'White Banners' . . ." she breathed, at mention of this film, after the scene was finished . . . "how I loved making that. It carried a real message, to which people unconsciously responded.

"These are troubled times. The world has need for such pictures right now, pictures that comfort and help restore



THE \$50.00 FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Dear Silver Screen:

"Gone Hollywood" is the term applied by the Moving Picture fraternity to fellow actors and actresses who, spoiled by success, attempt to high-hat their world. That's been the trouble with many mammoth productions which failed to click with the public in recent years. They have "Gone Hollywood" and tried to high-hat Mr. and Mrs. Average American and the little A.A.'s, who still call their evening meal "supper," don't consider it old-fashioned to go to church on Sunday and love their homes and the simple homespun happiness these homes symbolize.

Pictures like "White Banners" and "Green Light" strike a responsive chord in the hearts of these average millions, who find in them not just an hour's frothy entertainment, but the wine of philosophy and spiritual bread.

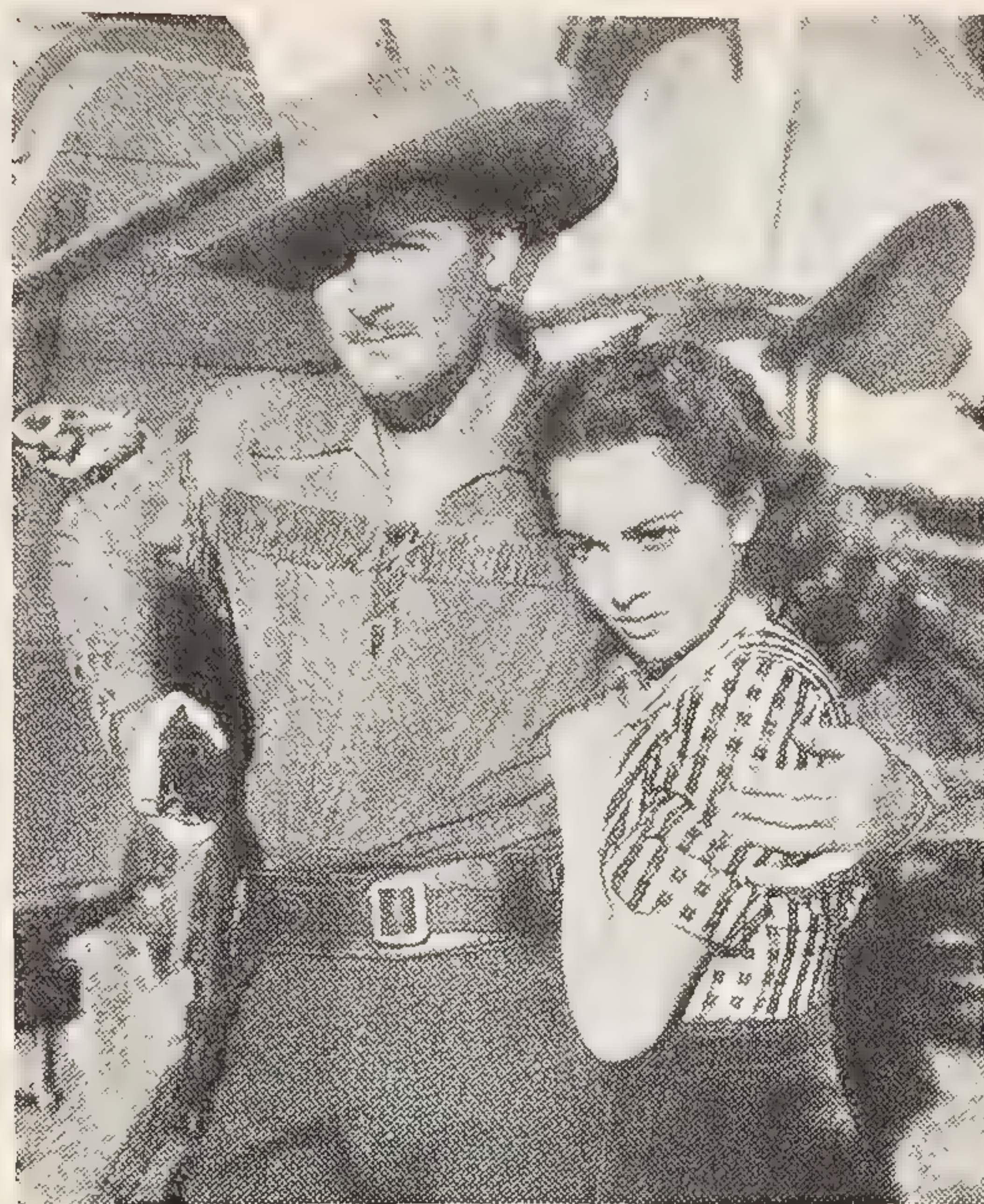
Because such pictures really GIVE something to humanity, they SUCCEED, as worldly, wise-cracking pictures can never hope to do.

Sincerely yours,

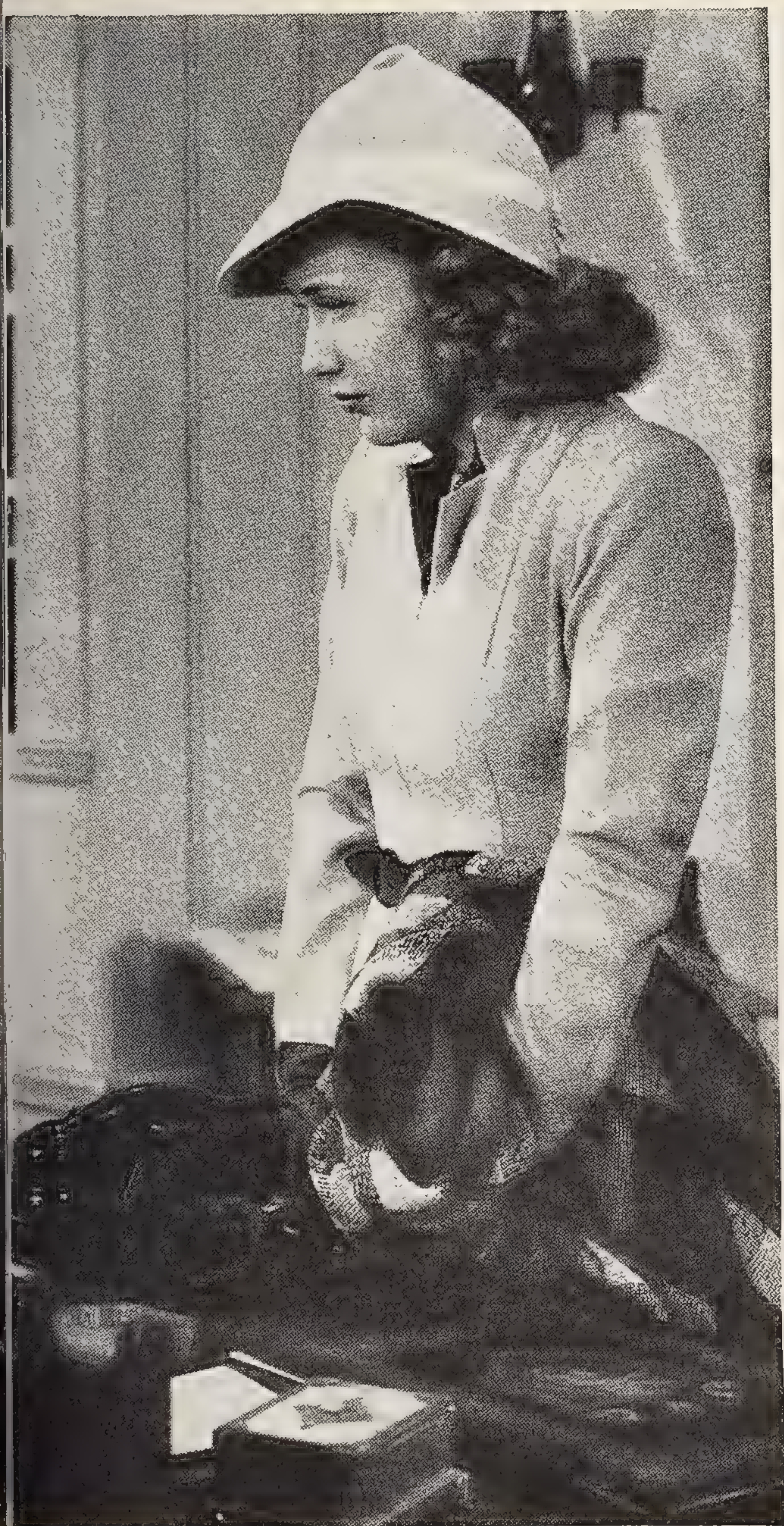
M. Elisabeth Stanton
Chicago, Ill.

TALKS BACK

By Whitney Williams



Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland in "Dodge City," a "Western" of the days when prairie schooners carried Destiny ever westward.



Edmund Goulding, the famous director (at left) arranging a scene for Bette Davis' new picture, "Dark Victory."

Left—Fay Bainter and Priscilla Lane in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." "White Banners" caught the eyes of the world and proved that Fay is a great actress.

Another Contest This Month! Write A Letter To Silver Screen And You May Win A Prize Of \$50. What Pictures Do You Like—And Why?

IN THE past, gossip from Hollywood has reached you. Silver Screen now offers an opportunity for you to tell Hollywood your opinions, and the best letter of constructive criticism will receive a prize of \$50. Every letter printed will be paid for (\$5. each).

CONDITIONS

1. Make your letter about 150 words.
2. No letter will be returned.
3. Contest closes January 26, 1939.
4. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
5. Address your letter to PRIZE LETTER CONTEST, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

one's faith, one's confidence in life in general. The same high principles that distinguished the young doctor in "Green Light" somewhat flavors the character of Spencer Tracy's role in "I Take This Woman," Frank Borzage's most recent film. Borzage directed the "Green Light" of Miss Stanton's letter, and recalls its filming as one of the most interesting experiences of

his career, which has been a long one.

"From the very first, it was evident we had something bigger than any of us imagined while reading the script. Of course, the Lloyd C. Douglas book was unusually fine, but very often much of the original spirit and charm of a book is lost in adapting it to the screen. After viewing the first few days' rushes we were confident we were doing something really worthwhile."

Borzage's deft touch has been seen before, but never has his ability as a director been more pronounced. That is one reason why "I Take This Woman" promises so much in the way of treatment; some of the same philosophy is embodied that made "Green Light" such an outstanding success. It shows conflict, conflict of soul and purpose, and is a character study of a man who comes back from the ragged edge. Incidentally, it will offer new and enticing glimpses of the delectable Miss Lamarr.

As "Green Light" introduced Errol Flynn in his first important straight role—before that he always had appeared in costume dramas—so does "Dodge City" offer him his initial opportunity to don the raiment of our own Wild West. "Dodge City" is a story of the days when the Santa Fe Railroad terminus was in that famed Kansas town, "when Hell was a-poppin'." Olivia de Havilland is the girl in the piece, and Flynn plays the part of a tough but gallant young desperado.

He had just finished a gun duel with Victor Jory and Bruce Cabot, a couple of "bad men," when he strolled over to where I was awaiting him. His usual British nonchalance already had returned, and his clean handsome face showed an eager interest as he spoke.

"Green Light," he repeated, after hearing my question, "indeed I do remember it. That production convinced me an audience reacts more keenly to a story with a significant than an exciting theme. Studios should take heed of that, for after all we're in the business to satisfy the public, give it what it wants rather than what we want to give it. If the industry followed this procedure there would be better films."

Margaret Lindsay, prominent in "Green Light" and seen last in "Broadway Musketeers," made this comment.

"I think Miss Stanton's letter should be read by every young girl in America," she confided. "Whenever you see girls headed down the wrong paths, you can be very sure it's because they have turned their back on old-fashioned truths."

Every Player Who Gives A Fine Performance Knows That It Will Not Go Unnoticed. Jimmy Will Put His O.K. On It—If It's Good.

By
Ruth Rankin

He is the pugnacious star who, disdaining Hollywood, goes right on behaving just like a human being.



Dennis O'Keefe has qualified according to observant Jimmy. Right—Olivia de Havilland feels that Cagney helped her a lot.

YOU drive over Coldwater Canyon until you come to a barnyard gate leading off the road. There is a rural letter-box with a number, but no name.

Jimmy Cagney is the one, of all the stars in Hollywood, who would prefer not to be anonymous on his letter-box. Because Jim really likes people—all sorts and kinds of people. They have color and individuality for him; they are not bunched into a sum known as "my public." But due to the utter finality of twenty-four hours a day and a job in the picture business, Jim is unable to receive thousands of callers every afternoon. And believe it or not, it hurts him worse than it does you.

Through the gate (be sure and close it, one is warned beforehand, or the goats get out) and up a winding dirt road, you drive into the new Cagney estate. Twelve acres of glorious trees and a view, any way you look. Further along appears an immense pile of lumber, near the foundations for a house—and, up above on a knoll, a garage with small living quarters overhead.

This is where the Cagneys live, until

Jimmy Cagney
SPOTS
WHAT
IT TAKES

Gloria brought home a Title, Hollywood's first, I think . . . when Betty Blythe was the sumptuous satiny Queen of Sheba, still unforgotten . . . when Myrna Loy was an exotic and because she was an exotic was "discovered" by Valentino who knew nothing, mark you, of her abilities or her talents but only that her photographed eyes had an Oriental cast, her face was not as other faces.

Yes, Hollywood, the days when all their ways and all their days were lit with glamour, strangely exciting because nothing is ever so provocatively exciting as glamour and love and desperation and desires when they live in the bodies of beautiful women . . . and strangely lasting, too, the memory of these glamorous ones and because they are lasting, these memories, glamour is important . . . a Barbara LaMarr, a Swanson, a Negri, a Naldi . . . now Hedy Lamarr . . . but also, in this our day, an

Ann Sheridan, a Lombard, a Paulette Goddard, a Dorothy Lamour, a Joan Bennett, a Wendy Barrie . . . for we do not believe that Hedy has a corner on the glamour market. Not really. Not if Hollywood bestirs itself among its own, remembering old delights with which to delight us.

And Hollywood is remembering, make no mistake about that. Every studio in town is eying its own particular Garden of Fair Women hoping to find an orchid, a Passion Flower among the daisies and the buttercups. MGM is making a picture titled *These Glamour Girls*. RKO has signed Wendy Barry of the light green eyes and romantic aura hoping to emphasize in her



By
GLADYS
HALL

Spritley Bette Davis revealed that the thrill of emotion is enhanced by allure.

erious-Provocative

Betty Grable is a blonde of devastating shapeliness. Above, right—Hedy Lamarr in one role made the world realize what it had been missing.

all the potentialities of a Glamour Girl. Paramount is readying Isa Miranda for a Lamarr spot in the limelight. Warner Brothers watch Priscilla and Rosemary Lane thru rose-coloured lenses. MGM speaks of Ruth Hussey. Yes, Hollywood is glamour-conscious once again, thanks to Lamarr.

For many years SILVER SCREEN, in its Ivory Tower, has looked down upon a strange procession . . . first upon the stormy petrels we have mentioned, the flamey ones . . . and then the procession changed colour, muted its voice, slowed its dancing step and the glamorous ones were buried under the tomb called Good Taste . . . they were frowned upon by thin-lipped Censorship . . . the sweet little sepulchres were whitened, uniformly, drably, puritanically. Joan Crawford shed her spangles and walked sedately, the Book Of The Month under her arm. Myrna's exoticism was replaced by emphasis upon her excellent qualifications as the Perfect Wife. Garbo,



Isa Miranda, poised and proud, but with a "come hither" look.

who, with her silence, her mysterious seclusion, had a corner on glamour not even Hedy could touch, let the bright robe slip from her indifferent shoulders because on the rare occasions when she does emerge from her hermitage she wears flat-soled shoes, lank hair, last year's felt hat, pale lips and pale words.

When the candid camera came in, the last incandescent cobwebs of glamour were swept away. Beautiful Joan Bennett was snapped squinting at the Races. Imperial Kay Francis, who is as luscious as any heroine of fable, as dark and desirable as Shakespeare's Dark Lady of the Sonnets, was shown doing a Big Apple, riding a bike in shorts. Red-gold Ginger Rogers who could summon us, a dryad from a silver birch, was depicted squirting seltzer water behind a soda fountain or whipping up a little dinner at home or getting a cup of water flung in her face (accidentally) by Katy Hepburn wearing overalls. Beautiful-as-the-dawn Virginia Bruce, who should be empedestalled on a marble column and hymned by Today's laureate, announced that she likes to ride in the rumble seats of roadsters and eat wienies at beach piers and amusement parks.

The sweeping discard of glamour and excitement and colour has been too drastic. There have been too few Magnificent Mummies, too many sedate Missuses, with manners and morals. But the zeal of the reformers has not lessened the appetite of the public for girls with rhymed bodies and veiled, inviting eyes, the Jones Family notwithstanding. It is still true that the immortal and imperishable names are those of Guinevere and Elaine, Faustine and Dolores, Isolde and the burning Sappho . . . true that a Valentino is remembered when a Charles Ray is, alas, all but forgotten.

And if you don't believe that we have been ahunger and athirst for glamour, consider the case of Hedy Lamarr:

Lamarr has taught us such a lesson as is causing Hollywood to turn in its sleep, restless and unquiet. For Hedy appeared and never has a girl, with a relatively unimportant bit of acting in a relatively small part, ever been greeted with such universal, such feverish acclaim. It is ridiculous to suppose that Lamarr

is a sensation because of her brilliant talent. Talent she undoubtedly has got. But "Algiers" did not give her sufficient opportunity to *prove* her talent one way or the other. We will be better able to judge of that when we see her in her next picture, "I Take This Woman," with Spencer Tracy. And then in the picture after that. But certainly it was not the Duse in her that put her on the front pages of movie news the world over, that caused her name to top practically every other Hollywood name in practically every Hollywood column written, on practically every Hollywood broadcast given. It was not the quality of her mind, the depth of her character nor how good she is to her mother that made Hedy—but literally overnight—the talk of this town and all others.

No, Hedy stormed the fortress of the screen and took it because she has a storm of midnight hair, inviting hot eyes, inviting sultry lips, a tall, subtly curved figure, a withdrawingness into Mystery which makes all men

who glimpse her start from their seats as though to follow her even as, in "Algiers," Pepe Le Moko followed her—to his death. It is also because she is a foreigner, with the established glamour of Vienna as her background. It is because she was the star of "Ecstasy" which should have hurt her career, perhaps, but did not . . . it is because of the rumors of young men, young officers and diplomats who killed themselves for love of her . . . it is because of her tycoon husband who lavished his millions upon her the while keeping her prisoned in a jewelled cage . . . beauty, yes . . . beauty framed exotically. This is the stuff of Glamour. It is nothing that Hedy did. Actually, Hedy did almost nothing, on the screen or off of it. It is simply that Hedy is Beautiful. Is mysterious and provocative and dangerous and desirable. Or seems to be. And that charming is the nearest one can come to a definition of the indefinable quality called Glamour.

But we do not, I repeat, believe that Hedy has a corner in the glamour market. For there are others, home-grown. And although to be home-grown does seem to be something of a handicap to Glamour, we can take heart remembering that other Lamarr and Swanson, and recently Jean Harlow, who dazzled the heart of her world while she lived, and broke it when she died. And there is Shirley Temple who has glamorized childhood for all of us. And there is the case history of Bette Davis. Hollywood is remembering that it wasn't until Bette bleached her dark hair golden, dropped her Boston primness that Hollywood stopped calling her the "Little Brown Wren," that Hollywood started her on her triumphal parade of pictures which led to "Jezebel," which gives you the Bette you will see in "Dark Victory" . . . in the not-so-long-ago days when Hollywood said "Bette is a swell actress but she has no sex appeal" they might as well have been writing Bette's epitaph. Bette is now rated as Hollywood's No. 1 actress but her abilities might well have remained hidden under her primness for it was [Continued on page 64]



Danielle Darrieux is lovely, and clothed in mystery.





The Darling of the
Parisian Music Halls
was Zaza, who
danced into men's
hearts.

*The "Star Of Stars" This Month Is Claudette Colbert
She Is Silver Screen's Selection—The Number One Girl*



"Zaza" tells the story of a wealthy
man who forgets the whole world
in his love for a captivating
French dancer.

Herbert Marshall and Claudette; the tragic scene on the day of reckoning. Below—The unhappy Zaza and the child that must not be hurt.



She pirouettes to the chansons of the mauve decade, but love then, as now, was ever the theme of tragedy.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT PLAYS A FRENCH GIRL IN "ZAZA." IMAGINE!

IF EVER there was a girl whose own background added to the reality of a screen story, Claudette, the Parisian-at-heart American, is that one.

FASHIONS FOR Winter Playgrounds

*It Is Up To You
Whether You Choose
To Go To Lands Of
Snow Or Lands Of
Sun.*

FUN FOR ALL!

WHERE winter vacations are concerned, some of us like to go North (br-r-r!) where we can indulge our passion for skating, coasting and skiing, and some of us like to go South where we can gently relax under the beneficent rays of the warm sun.

However, in whichever direction you go, here are some hints on "what to wear," with Joan Bennett modelling clothes suited to tropical cruises or wear in Hawaii or the South Sea Islands. (On page 44 Maureen O'Sullivan models clothes more suited to our own Southland, either Florida or California). And Nan Grey gives you a very good idea of the type of costume you will see if you choose the dazzling "land of snow."



How do you like Joan Bennett with her new black hair adopted for her latest film? We think she looks divine with this inand red (named Ferdinand the Bull) white printed swing topped by a cream blouse made Spanish ion. Lovely for warm, cal nights. A lei of white beads adds a tinctive touch. Left Hawaiian influence caught in this after frock of Tapa cloth by natives of the Islands. The zipper-bodice is designed in blue and white and slim skirt is of white trasted with the same blue. Her head band blue Tapa material her necklace is of blue white eucalyptus be



Straight from the land of the midnight sun comes this gay skating costume that makes Nan smile so enchantingly. The knee length skirt is full and rippled. It is navy wool lined with red sateen and is worn over brief bloomers of matching sateen. A red wool jersey vest peeps out from under a peasant jacket of heavy natural linen lined with lightweight red flannel. Red cording laces the jacket and the sleeves boast peasant embroidery. Her cap and gloves are knitted in red wool with a peasant design.

Here's how Nan looks without her lumber jacket. Aren't the wide striped silk suspenders, which hold up the overalls, cute?

Below—left. Joan looks very comfortable in this natural string sport dress with patched pockets and outlined in bright green. A headband of beige and green raffia and beige and green moccasin sandals complete the outfit.

Top—left. A delicate shade of chartreuse is used to perfection in this smart, shadow-tweed skirt, very light weight, worn with a printed chartreuse and white linen shantung blouse. Suspenders lend an interesting note. With this all-round warm weather sports ensemble Joan wears a twisted white band in her hair. It's cooler than a hat.

Perfect for skiing or bob-sledding is this powder blue wool gaberdine affair sponsored by Nan Grey. High-topped ski overalls are worn over a bright red, blue and white plaid blouse, both snow repellent. Her zipped up the front lumber jacket matches the overalls. A plaid visor hood can be fastened to either the blouse or the jacket.



Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, Pat Moore and Major Farrell.



The actor, with Bernard Guffey and Harold Stine, carefully examines the print of a scene from the picture.



SILVER SCREEN'S
MASTERPIECE SERIES

THE
"BIG"

PICTURE OF
THE MONTH

"LOVE AFFAIR"

Irene Dunne
Charles Boyer



Cameraman Rudolph
Mate and Irene. Everything
is pleasant between
scenes.



The South is Calling!

*Maureen O'Sullivan Has
Cleverly Selected A
Wardrobe That Will
Answer All "Bids" For
Morning,
Noon and
Night.*

SWANK!

THAT one word expresses everything we women demand in clothes. And when we assemble an outfit for a short vacation trip, no matter where we are going, the difficulty lies in the fact that it is always advisable to "travel light." Some smart women boast that they can travel all over Europe with one suitcase. And they really can carry out this boast if they choose each costume wisely, or, to be more exact, have one exceptionally interesting item for each of the three periods of the day and night that will answer all demands, no matter how pressing. And let simplicity guide your choice.

Left—A tucked blouse made like a sweater is distinctive feature of one-piece sports dress in smoke-blue jersey. blouse is attached to slightly flared skirt, and darker blue jersey bow long streamers worn on hair offers collegiate distinction in lieu of a So much can be done long streamers, you know. Left-below. A hint of maximalism is seen in peaked wool cap with Maureen wears with hunter's green wool shown in upper right corner. A contrasting velvet red wool crocheted mesh wrapped loosely around throat and then tucked carelessly over the shoulder. Bronze sun gauntlets and purse provide a three-color scheme which is the season's leitmotif.



Heavy white satin banded in luscious black velvet puts Maureen in the right romantic mood when the moon rises. The deep V-shaped bodice is reminiscent of the Moyen Age and the huge balloon-puffed sleeves have the Gibson Girl flair, but the two periods are combined here with marvelous effect. The skirt is full and is provided with a loop so that it can be held up gracefully when she dances. A black velvet hair bow, bracelet and purse add immeasurably to this costume.



An all-occasion green wool suit with the new short jacket and a pencil-slim wrap-around skirt.



Showing the equally charming back effect of Maureen's "period" evening gown.



A Delphinium-blue three-piece pajama suit with coral silk lapels. Its trim lines and loose three-quarter coat make it equally smart for beach or for lounging at home.

w—left. For all afternoon informal evening functions green likes this pleated, top to toe (or we should knee) frock of double-ht chiffon in a delicate d-violet shade, the peas-type girdle laced in soft gray cord.



MOVIES to Give

A



Robert Taylor and Wallace Beery on location for "Stand Up and Fight." The fence and its valuable rail-birds are in Butte Meadows in the High Sierras.



In "Going Places," the steeple-chasers are off to either Fame or Failure, as who is not?



In "The King of Chinatown," Anna May Wong and Akim Tamiroff play for a dramatic prize.

Charles Farrell and Alice Faye in "Tail Spin," a romance of the higher altitudes.



Your Year Flying Start



In "Ambush," Gladys Swarthout and Gene Morgan go melodramatic and songs are forgotten.



Joyce Compton, Preston Foster, Kay Linaker and Frank Jenks have Raymond Parker all upset in "The Last Warning."

Do we cut down RUNS with Lux?"

"You bet we do," girls say

EVEN WITH THE
STOOPING AND
STRAIN OF
HOUSEWORK, MY
STOCKINGS DON'T
POP **RUNS** NEARLY
SO OFTEN WITH LUX

MRS. F. S.
PEARSON
Housewife

"With a job and a wee salary I'm more than
ever a Lux fan! It makes stocking dollars
elastic—just as it keeps stockings elastic
longer so they go into runs less often!"

VIOLET HEATH
College Junior

AT **COLLEGE**
ALMOST ALL
THE GIRLS **LUX**
STOCKINGS. WE'VE
LEARNED FROM
EXPERIENCE LUX
CUTS DOWN RUNS

VIRGINIA BAKER
Salesgirl

**Cut down RUNS
this way . . .**

Runs come easily when
silk loses *elasticity*. Save
the elasticity of your
stockings—Lux them
after every wearing.

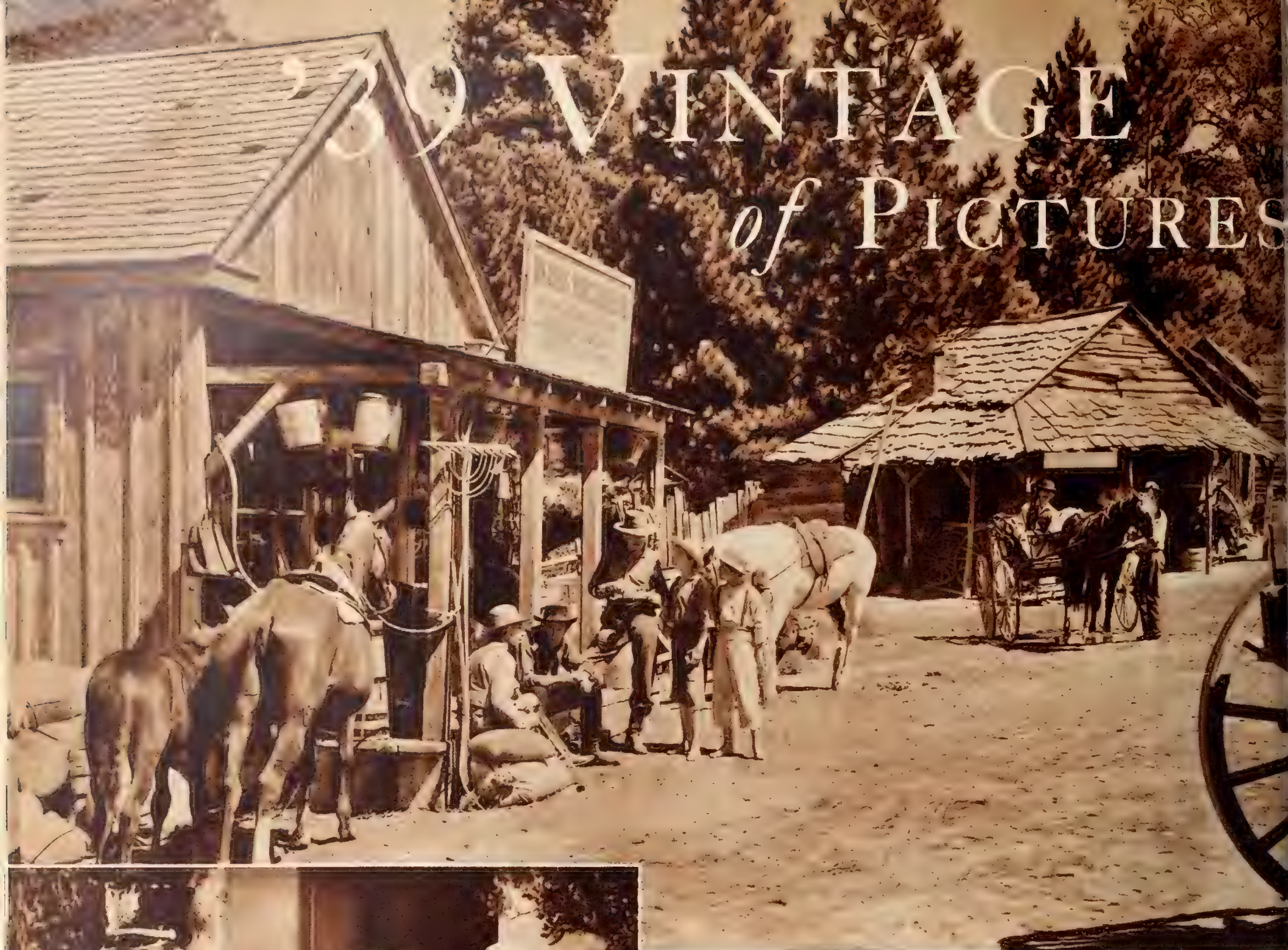
"IT'S EASY to cut down runs
with Lux," girls say. Lux
saves elasticity—stockings *give*
under strain. Runs don't pop so
often! Soaps with harmful alkali
and cake-soap rubbing *weaken*
elasticity—then runs may come!

A little goes so far
—Lux is **THRIFTY**

saves elasticity



39 VINTAGE of PICTURES



"Tom Sawyer, Detective" is a real country picture and not a synthetic studio masterpiece.

Left—Tom Brown and his screen parents, Marjorie Gateson and Jed Prouty, in "The Duke of West Point."



Bing Crosby in "Paris Honeymoon," with Franciska Gaal and love in tune.



John Barrymore and Virginia Weidler in "The Great Man Votes."

*The Wine Of Entertainment
For The Coming Days Prom-
ises To Be A Homey Brew.*

Melvyn Douglas and
Virginia Bruce in a
comedy moment from
"There's That Woman
Again."



Victor McLaglen and
Wendy Barrie in a
scene from "Pacific
Liner," a drama of the
sea.



Gail Patrick and Robert
Preston in a sentimental
moment from "Dis-
barred."

ARE YOU A FAST WORKER?

ENERGY TESTS ON BABY RUTH

By actual metabolism test,
an average worker can type
steadily and at normal speed
for 1 hour, 17 minutes, 8 sec-
onds on the food-energy con-
tained in one 5c bar of Baby
Ruth Candy.

Energetic people are usually successful.
They work harder, faster, longer, because
they have the energy to fight fatigue.
Body energy comes chiefly from Dex-
trose, the sugar which enriches delicious
Baby Ruth Candy. That's why Baby
Ruth is so popular among active people
everywhere. It's great candy and a source
of real food-energy. Let Baby Ruth help
you fight fatigue...today...and every day.
CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OTTO SCHNERING, President



WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember
BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY
FOR ENERGY!





Hurry! Hurry!

*Pack Up! You Are
Going To "Honolulu."*

SOMEWHERE on some South Sea Isle your imagination likes to dwell. There one may own pearls by the handful and have cocoanuts for lunch. Eleanor Powell has found your island of dreams!

In "Honolulu," Eleanor Powell gives her grass skirt a workout.

The natives signal Eleanor to "give" and the palm trees bend in admiration to watch her.



STAND BACK! GIVE 'EM

AYRES!

By
Laurence
Morgan

LEW AYRES was nineteen years old and dead broke the day he walked into the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood to ask for a job. That is, he was dead broke except for about a dollar and sixty-five cents and some excellently tailored clothes. But clothes, no matter how well cut, make very poor eating and Lew needed a job as he'd never needed anything before in his life.

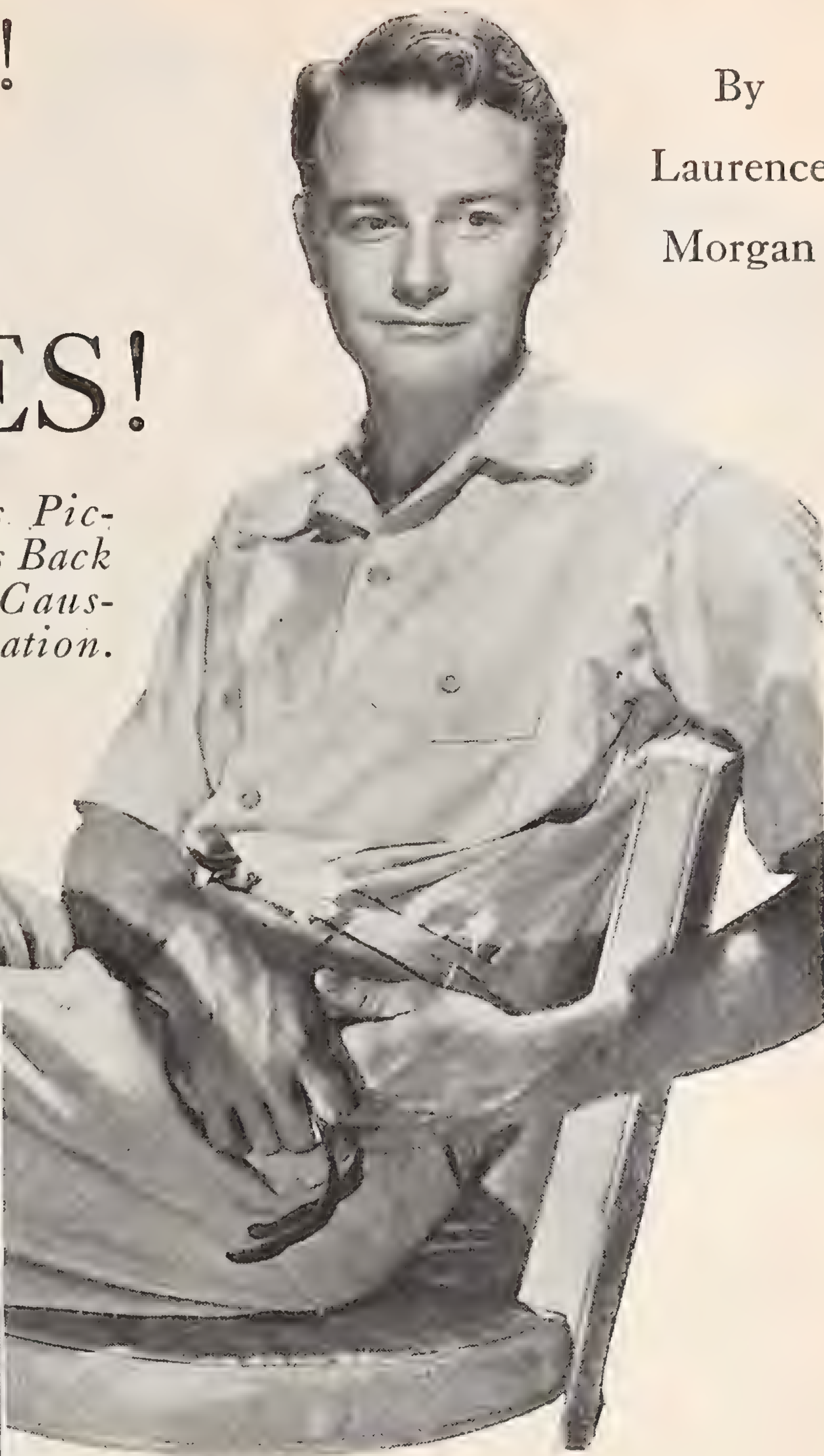
He Revives Pictures. Lew Is Back And He's Causing a Sensation.



It was four o'clock in the afternoon and from the dimly lit grill-room came music for the tea dance, softly subdued. The "shuff-shuff" of the dancers' feet, the polite tinkle of crystal against thin china, low murmur of voices . . . tea time in Hollywood. But to young Mr. Ayres as he made his way through the crowded room to the table reserved for the musicians in back of the bandstand, there were weightier things on his mind. His immediate future was at stake, especially that part of the future which embodied a slight formality of eating, and if he didn't get this job something hugely unpleasant seemed almost certain to happen. Well, after all, he was one of the best banjo and guitar players in town and if, as he had heard, the guitar player in this band was leaving, there was no reason why he shouldn't get the job.

Lew seated himself at the musicians' table and waited for the boys to take an intermission . . . he knew them all and had worked with most of them at one time or another so he felt reasonably sure a few of them would put in a good word for him to the leader. Oh, he was getting more confident by the minute and even the future was taking on a mild, pinkish

In "Young Dr. Kildare," Lew Ayres as the interne carried this scene to a climax, the dramatic intensity of which will not soon be forgotten.



hue as he sat there and mused on the job he was about to get. He even managed to spend a part of his first week's salary.

Mr. Ayres had just started a bank account with his second week's pay check when a stranger came up and seated himself at Lew's table. "My name is Ivan Kahn," he said, as if that explained everything.

Lew automatically extended his hand. "My name is Ayres," he said, wondering vaguely if this fellow was another musician on the trail of the same job. Fervently, he hoped not. "You waiting to see the leader, too?" he asked.

"No," said Mr. Kahn, "but I'd like to have a talk with you, though."

"Okay," Lew said, "What about?" Funny thing, he thought, for a fellow just to come barging up and saying he wanted to talk to you.

"Are you in pictures?" asked Kahn. "Or are you tied up with any agent or anything?"

Aha, so that was it! A gag, huh? Somebody in the band, knowing his all-consuming passion, had framed up a rib with this chap Kahn. Well, nothing like ribbing the ribber.

"No," Lew replied, innocently naive, "I'm not tied up with anyone and as a matter of fact I've never thought much about pictures one way or another." Politely, he stifled a small yawn.

Mr. Kahn said, "Well, unless you're an eccentric millionaire or something I think it's high time you gave the matter some thought. I think I might be able to get you a test."

"Oh, I don't know as I'd care much about that," Lew said, "I'm pretty busy right at this [Continued on page 72]"

The G A

Under The Management Of The Sound Engineers Your Ears Play You False. Every Noise Is Phony—Even Bird Seed Becomes Sleet.

mythical men from Mars.

When radio came into being years ago, it was noticeable that the first plays presented over the air didn't get over at all with the listeners-in. This was because the technique of writing for radio was so new that the script men failed to recognize the importance of background. They didn't understand that they were attempting

When next you hear the ominous sound of footsteps remember this sound effects crew at the Columbia Broadcasting Studio.

SEEING is believing. At least, so they say. But you and I do not believe everything we see in the movies. We know that the great train wreck was made by crashing miniatures which, through trick photography, were blown up to life-size dimensions. And Nature never cooperates to the extent of staging hurricanes, rain storms and earthquakes just when they are required to help along the plot of a scenario—and then keeps on repeating these catastrophes for as long as they are needed for rehearsal. No, we know that the special effects department in each studio can and does duplicate these feats of Nature and does them even better than Nature, for the technicians can control the damage to be done.

Well, just as you can't believe everything you see on the screen, it's a good idea not to believe everything you hear on the radio, where Nature faking is practiced as a fine art. For what scenery is to the stage and screen, sound effects are to radio. They provide the necessary background or setting for microphone drama. In the opinion of many people it was the realistic and awesome sound effects rather than the dialogue that was responsible for the nationwide scare when everyone took as real Orson Welles' vivid broadcast of the destruction of the world by the



DECEIVERS

OF RADIO

By Ruth Arell

man to produce a play on an "empty stage," a stage that existed only in the imagination of the air audience.

Soon, however, authors learned how, through the medium of sound, to construct the necessary scenery that the listener must set up in his mind as the background of the drama. This scenery, of course, came from the sound effects department, and by their use they can create the weather, tell the time, and set the locale for the action. They give pace to the action, denote transition from scene to scene, and give perspective. But most amazing of all is how they produce this background scenery that you "see," for it is seldom



what it's supposed to be.

Take one of those tense melodramas that director Cecil B. DeMille likes to send across the network. The announcer tells us only that Madeline Carroll, Franchot Tone and George Brent are seated before a cozy fire while a storm rages outside when footsteps are heard, a shot is fired, and someone drives off in an automobile.

Actually what the listener "sees" is a cheery living room with a blaze crackling in the fireplace while the wind howls outside and the sleet beats against the window panes. There is a crackling sound as the door opens on its hinges, and wind and sleet howl in through the doorway. There are quick steps across the room, a brief scuffle, a stifled scream and a sharp report. Quick feet run across the room and the door slams shut, causing the sound of wind and sleet to diminish. Outside, a car starts off into the night.

Now, beyond the announcer's few words, nothing has been said, but the listener is aware of every movement. And here is how it is done.

The three principals cluster about one microphone, while apart from them at a mike of his own, the sound effects man faces a table with equipment he needs. To get the sound of the

Listeners seethe with excitement. Death misses by inches. But inside the studio peace reigns. It is really the broadcast of "The Gang Busters."



Fame came to Sally Belle Cox because she can cry like a baby.

Top—Elsie Mae Gordon, a scream expert, and no girl for a Romeo to start tickling.

Above—left. Bradley Barker, who can make a whole barnyard voluble.

crackling blaze, he crumples sheets of Cellophane. Simultaneously he presses buttons which set in operation two motors, one in each of two black boxes. One of these boxes is a wind machine which, by blowing air through sirens of different pitch, gives the sound of howling wind. The other has paddles which pick up and drop bird seed onto tissue paper, giving the sound of beating sleet. Near him mounted in a bare frame is a door which, when he opens it, gives a rasping sound as it swings on its hinges. The electric motors are then speeded up, thus increasing the sound of the wind and sleet heard through the open door. After the scuffle, which he made by shuffling his feet on a board, and the choked scream which was played on a phonograph record, he fires the cap pistol. He then steps lightly on some specially prepared board to simulate retreating footfalls, slams the door shut and turns down the electric motors to muffle the storm sounds. Turning on another record, he gets the complete effect of starting a car, turning it around, having it gather speed and then fade off into the distance. [Continued on page 62]



LETTERS FROM The GRAND JURY OF THE MOVIES

*The Writers Of The Following Letters
Received "Honorable Mention" In The
Contest For Opinions About Pictures.*

*(\$5.00 Is Paid For
Every Letter Printed)*

Ralph Bellamy and
Ginger Rogers in
"Carefree." Ralph's
brilliant playing in
this picture added
to his popularity.



"Drums" was a
source of great joy
to Kipling readers.



DEAR EDITOR:

Once or twice in a blue moon, Hollywood gives us a picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. This time it's "Sing, You Sinners."

The story is a simple one about the home life of plain folks, but it's so well-cast, well-acted and well-sung that it's a pleasure. Not only is the plot perfectly logical from beginning to end but it can take the mental re-hashing on the way home from the movies.

Believe it or not, in spite of a winning horse this family doesn't get rich quick. If anything the race track is de-glamorized and the good life emphasized.

Certainly this is no sissy story, but why the title "Sing, You Sinners"? Even a homespun monicker like "Just Folks" would hit closer to the bull's eye. Or is sin still supposed to be a box-office attraction?

Whatever the case may be, I just can't stop humming that swell number "Small Fry."

Candidly yours,
AUGUSTA ROSENBERG,
Newark, N. J.

SILVER SCREEN



Ellen Drew, Fred MacMurray, Elizabeth Patterson, Donald O'Connor and Bing Crosby. "Sing, You Sinners" was a winner, thanks to its sane plot. In fact, maybe we'll see more of the Beebe Family.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

I believe that the actual physical suitability of an actor for a part is sometimes overlooked.

Let us take, as an example, the picture "Carefree." First, however, I wish to say that I enjoy both the acting and the dancing of Fred Astaire. But my imagination refused positively to be persuaded that he could take the beautiful heroine away from Ralph Bellamy. You would not ask us to believe that Freddie Bartholomew could overthrow Man Mountain Dean in physical combat; neither should you ask us to be convinced that Fred Astaire could take a girl away from a man with the charm, appeal, and physique of Ralph Bellamy. It was unfair to both of the men.

There should be a believable realism in the actual physical endowments of the actors, as well as in the story plot, in



Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy in "Boys Town." This picture, along with the Judge Hardy series, received the most complimentary letters. Mickey is in both—perhaps he'll also be in the Academy list?

order to make a satisfying picture.

CEE HAGEN,
Salt Lake City, Utah

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

There has been much discussion as to

why "Marie Antoinette"—a picture skillfully directed, beautifully acted and magnificently produced—has not been more staggeringly successful.

Might it not be that its very over-elaboration defeated its purpose? Its glittering background and gorgeous costumes are impressive; but their brilliance dazzles and confuses, blinding the audience to such exquisite bits as, for instance, the doomed father promising to mend his child's toy. Such little human touches as this are what make a picture truly great.

The other-worldness of "Lost Horizon" excites our imagination, and the pageantry of "Drums" is thrilling; but what we remember best in the former are certain commonplace episodes, and in the latter the natural boyishness of the pact between the prince and the young drummer.

Give us glamour, movement, color; but stress the everyday things, the simple actions that so potently lend to make-believe the conviction of reality.

Faithfully yours,
MRS. GEORGE ROBERT ARGO,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

Now that the "jazz-age" has passed, it's the quiet, homey, peaceful things that count.

Note the sensational success of "Boys Town" and "Four Daughters." Nothing elaborate about them, yet both reached deep into the hidden core of us all, and made us live with the actors.

The greatest scene it's ever been my privilege to witness, either on stage or screen, was that tiny bit in "Boys Town" where Father Flanagan, watching the departure of his errant ward, fills a glass with water, sips it, and then pours the

remainder into a small plant on his desk. The sight of any man with his mind filled with the sorrows of mankind, taking a moment to nurture nature's growth, brought tears to the eyes of many hardened persons.

That is my proof, "It's the little things that count!"

Respectfully yours,
MURIEL CHERNOFF,
Hamden, Conn.

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

My father and R. L. Stevenson were in the University of Edinburgh at the same time, and I looked forward, with great expectations, when I heard that "Kidnaped" was to be filmed. Words fail me when I try to express my disappointment in the picture. Too bad the author can not see that mutilated version of his work.

Must we have a gooey love scene in every picture? Why have that silly, soft looking girl in a picture that should show something of the rugged people who lived in a wild, rough country?

Scotch music [Continued on page 80]

Bob Hope and Andy Devine look with amazement at Dick Mook as he demonstrates the proper poise and carriage for a Man-About-Town.



Jackie Coogan and Harry Berger in "News Home"



A Tour Of The Studios Of The Picture Makers With A Glimpse Of The Artists At Work.

By S. R. Mook

IT IS with mixed emotions I set forth on my pilgrimage of the studios this bright morning. Many of the people whom I know well are working, so there should be laughs. But, on the other hand, many of these same people are not above tossing a barb or two in my direction, which always embarrasses me. Well, heigho, as we used to say before Silver was discovered. Let's start with—

Universal

THERE is more doing here than there has been in many a moon. First there is "Swing, Sister" with Ken Murray, Eddie Quillan (who is seen all too seldom these days), Johnnie Downs, Kathryn Kane, Edna Sedgwick and Ernest Truex.

"Well, look who's here!" Ken burbles as I appear on the set. "My dear Mr. Mook," he goes on, "I will have you to know that last Sat. eve. out at Jimmie Fidler's, the erstwhile light of my life, Miss Sue Carroll, and I put the bee on Mr. Jimmie Fidler and Miss Dorothy Manners-Ramsey," he adds slowly and regretfully, "to the tune of twenty three slugs." He takes time out for smirking and then continues, "Mr. Fiddler is fit to be tied and keeps yelling, 'It's the cards! I've never held such MEAN hands in my life.'"

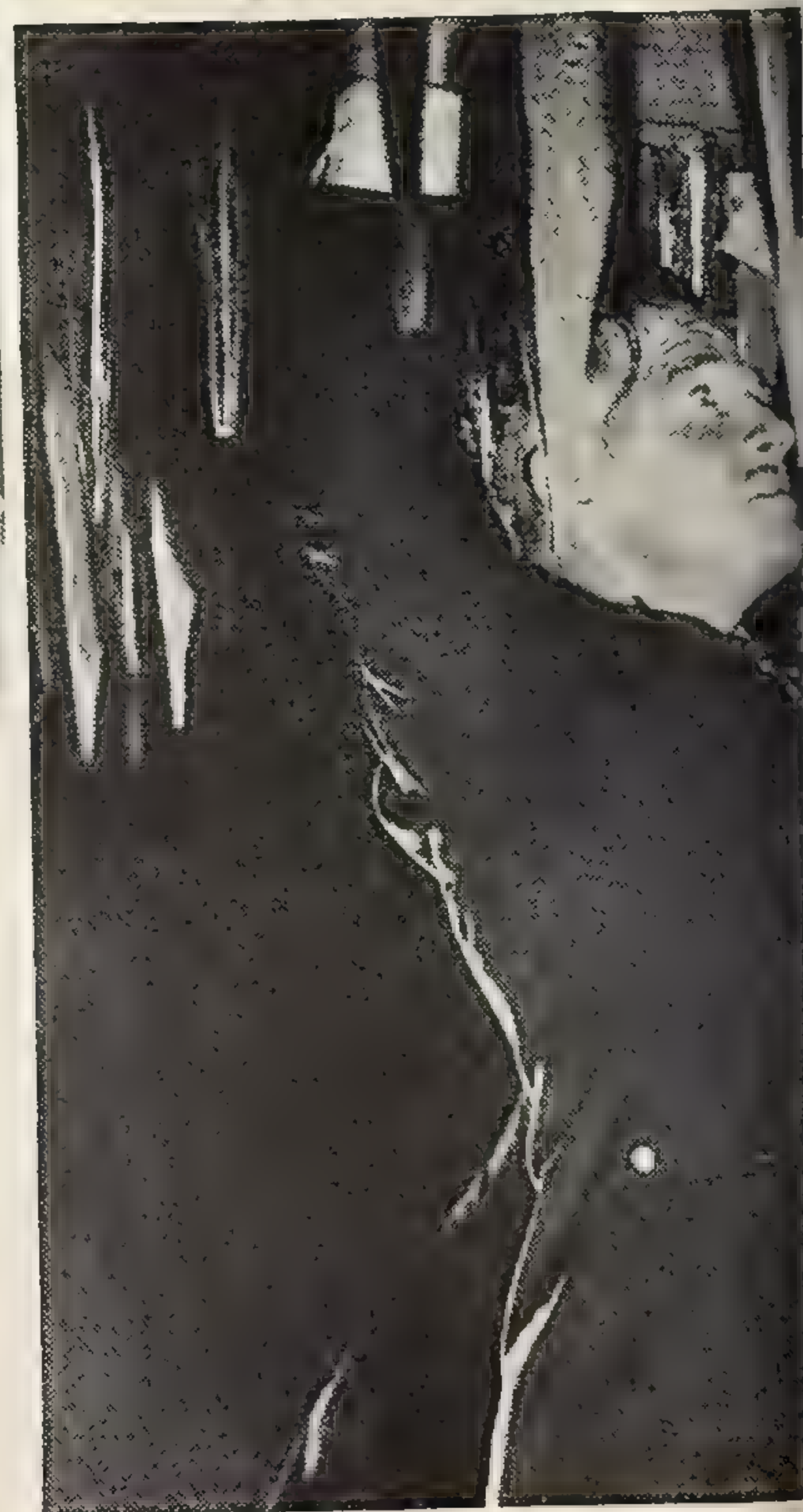
"Well, look who's here!" Ken burbles with Mr. Fidler because, not only is he



Frieda Inescourt and Patric Knowles in "Beauty for the Asking."

a crackerjack bridge player, but in all the years I know Mr. Murray (which is quite some years) I never knew him to win at bridge except once when he is playing with an over-ripe tomato by the name of Lew Ayres, and Lew, knowing nothing of Mr. Murray's peculiar and unfathomable system of bidding, takes him at his word on a two-bid and boosts it up to a grand slam which I double

PICTURES ON THE FIRE



and they re-double and Lew's hand accidentally fits with Mr. Murray's. So they collect to a tune I had much rather forget and, personally, I would rather discuss Edgar Bergen with Mr. Murray than bridge because I am convinced Mr. Murray knows nothing of bridge and he seems to know a lot about Mr. Bergen.

Before we become seriously involved over the merits in Mr. Bergen, Mr. Joseph Santley, who is directing the picture, busts into the scene and says like this: "Mr. Mook, will you kindly, in the future, refrain from sending double malted milks to my luncheon table when you know I am on a diet as you must be well aware by this time that I can resist anything except a double malted milk. And, furthermore," he says, "you are aware that for the past ninety years of my life I am trying to graduate from being a dancer and actor into being a director and no sooner do I begin to be recognized as one than you do everything in your power to force me to get out the dancing shoes and work off my waistline. Will the talent kindly step in front of the camera?"

So everyone takes his place and Mr. Santley continues thus and so: "Inasmuch as we have not yet shot the beginning of this picture, I think it no more than fair to tell you that Mr. Downs has been a gas station attendant in Glenvale. Mr. Murray is a high-powered, but temporarily insolvent (I'll say he is!) press-agent who sees his chance to get back into the financial groove with a new dance created by Johnnie and his partner Snookie (Kathryn Kane). Johnnie promotes Professor L. Orlando Beebe (Mr. Truex), last and least successful of a long line of dance instructors, for \$500 to bring the team to New York, along with Satchel Lips Peters (Mr. Quillan), an erstwhile grocery clerk and hot trombonist. Mr. Truex is to receive credit for thinking up the dance. Well, they perform the dance and Mr. Truex's studio is swamped with jitterbugs, and that is where I come in.

"Come on, kids," Mr. Murray invites

Johnnie and Kathryn (I can remember when Kathryn was spelled C-a-t-h-e-r-i-n-e), "get your things off and start pitching! All these dopes are here for lessons in the Baltimore Bubble. And the only thing Beebe (Truex) can show 'em is a bad imitation of a sprained ankle."

"Looks like it's gonna catch on," Johnnie opines hopefully. "Come on, Snookie, let's get started."

"Snookie is going to have a little talk to somebody about finances before we take another step," Miss Kane announces unreasonably, "or Snookie and the Baltimore Bubble go blowing right out of here."

"Now, honey," Mr. Murray interposes soothingly, "just you leave everything to me and—"

"We'll end up behind the hashball," Mr. Quillan cuts in.

Mr. Murray looks somewhat more than puzzled at this interruption because that line is not in the script. It is interpolated by Mr. Quillan. Mr. Murray has one thing in common with John Barrymore. It is neither his profile nor his acting ability. It is his inability to remember his lines and when people start interpolating it confuses him more than somewhat, a fact of which Mr. Quillan and his brother Johnnie are well aware. And before the day is over Mr. Murray is ready for an insane asylum because the two Brothers Quillan have been polishing Eddie's lines until Mr. Murray doesn't know from his cues whether he is the high-powered press agent or merely the end man in an old time minstrel show. And all this is no surprise to me because the Quillans are Scotch and they have never let go of anything—even Op-

portunity—long enough to see whether it would knock once or laugh twice at their lame gags.

Mr. Murray's discomfiture is a source of quite some enjoyment to me because it is the first time I ever saw Mr. Murray discomfited, except once when he was playing bridge with Dr. Joe Harris and Dr. Joe bawled him out in front of a roomful of people for not understanding a psychic bid and told him he was mentally deficient, which caused Mr. Murray to turn a lobster red. So I laugh heartily at the Quillan Brothers, because anything they say is funny to me and I still think Johnny's account of the time he left the family act to go into a musical comedy production is the funniest thing I ever heard. But my merriment is not at all to Mr. Joseph Santley's liking and he comes up to me and says, "Mr. Mook, you are disrupting my troupe and if you will kindly take yourself and your mirth elsewhere it may be that I can catch up on my shooting schedule."

Well, nobody has to drop a ton of lettuce on my head to let me know I'm not wanted to dinner so I betake myself to another stage where "The Son of Frankenstein" is shooting.

Both Mr. Karloff and Mr. Lugosi are working in this, aided and abetted by Miss Emma Dunn, Mr. Basil Rathbone, Mr. Edgar Norton (who is still my idea of the perfect Jeeves), Miss Josephine Hutchinson and little Donny Donnegan who hails from my home town of Memphis. There is so much horror going around in this picture that Mr. Rathbone is nothing but a gilded lily, which may

Reginald Denny, E. E. Clive, Heather Angel, John Howard and H. B. Warner. It's "Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police."



James Stephenson and Rosella Towne in "Adventures of Jane Arden."





James Cagney,
Rosemary Lane
and Donald
Crisp in "The
Oklahoma
Kid."

Charles Rug-
gles, Mary Bo-
land, Billy Lee
and Donald
O'Connor in
"Parents On
Probation."

give you some slight idea of the horror afoot.

I tell Miss Dunn I see her all too seldom and she rejoins that that is music to her ears and about what she has been thinking herself (because she was once a big star on Broadway). And about this time the director calls her and she takes her place with Donny on the landing of some stairs. It is quite apparent to one in the know (meaning me) that Donny is Jo's son and that they have just arrived at this place (and a very gloomy place it is, too, with sinister shadows flooding the stairway leading to the upper floor). As Miss Dunn and Donny start up the stairs (she is the maid and on her way to put Donny to bed) they pause and turn as Jo speaks.

"Are the bedrooms cheery?" Joe inquires anxiously.

"Yes, quite cheery, Madame," Miss Dunn responds. "I think you will be surprised."

I'll bet they will.

The last picture of the month—on this lot—is "Newsboys' Home" starring Jackie Cooper. It has a swell cast, including Edmund Lowe, Edward Norris, Samuel Hinds, Harry Beresford, Elisha Cook, Jr. and the five roughnecks whom you may have seen in "Little Tough Guys in Society."

Jackie is a waif, wandering aimlessly from town to town. Arriving broke and

hungry in a big city, he seeks the shelter of a newsboys' home. Before he can eat he is forced to fight the champion of the home—Mr. Cooke (whom I still insist woke me up one morning at five o'clock, demanding breakfast—as though I run a short order house). He (Jackie) climbs into the ring. As he waits for the bell he sees boys all around him eating. One

boy is eating a monstrous sandwich. Another is gobbling hot dogs—one in each hand. A third is gargling from a bottle of pop. A fourth is slowly and carefully peeling a banana.

"Gosh, I'm hungry," Jackie whispers sadly.

The bell rings and the fight is on. Mr. Cook once again resorts to some unethical



tactics which infuriate Jackie so that he finally pastes Mr. Cook on the button, is acclaimed the house champion and all he has to do for the rest of the reel is pick and choose from the hot-dogs, bananas and pop.

There is one thing about Jackie. No one who saw him as *Skippy* or *Donovan's Kid* or in "The Champ" will ever forget him. The only time you don't remember Jackie is in some of the awful pictures he made where he hadn't a chance and no one went to see them. Every performance he has ever given has been on a par with the ones mentioned.

Well, that takes care of Universal. We'll proceed to—

R-K-O

I HAVE never known this studio to be so busy—eight pictures shooting. The Irene Dunne-Charles Boyer picture I told you about last month. "The Castles," starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, I'll tell you about next month. "Arizona Legion" starring George O'Brien, "White Slaves" starring Ann Shirley and "Fishermen's Wharf" starring Bobbie Breen are on location. However, there are plenty left.

"Pacific Liner" starring Chester Morris and Victor McLaglen, with Lew Landers directing, is shooting. Chet is a specialist on tropical diseases but he has the wanderlust so he ships as a ship's doctor on a vessel from Shanghai to San Francisco.

Mr. McLaglen, the ship's husky chief engineer, is a hard-driving tyrant below decks and resents it when Chet announces he'll hold a daily medical inspection among the "black gang." A few nights out a native stowaway is discovered in the hold. He seems to be ill and Vic sends him to bed in the firemen's quarters to await Chet's visit in the morning. Chet finds the man dead—from the dreaded Asiatic cholera. Quietly he tells Vic the entire engine-room and fire-room areas must be quarantined. If possible, the pas-

sengers must not know for fear of panic.

Although the passengers are kept in ignorance of the volcano beneath them, the disease spreads and we find Vic facing Chet in the improvised sick-bay in the hold, furious because Chet won't let his men out.

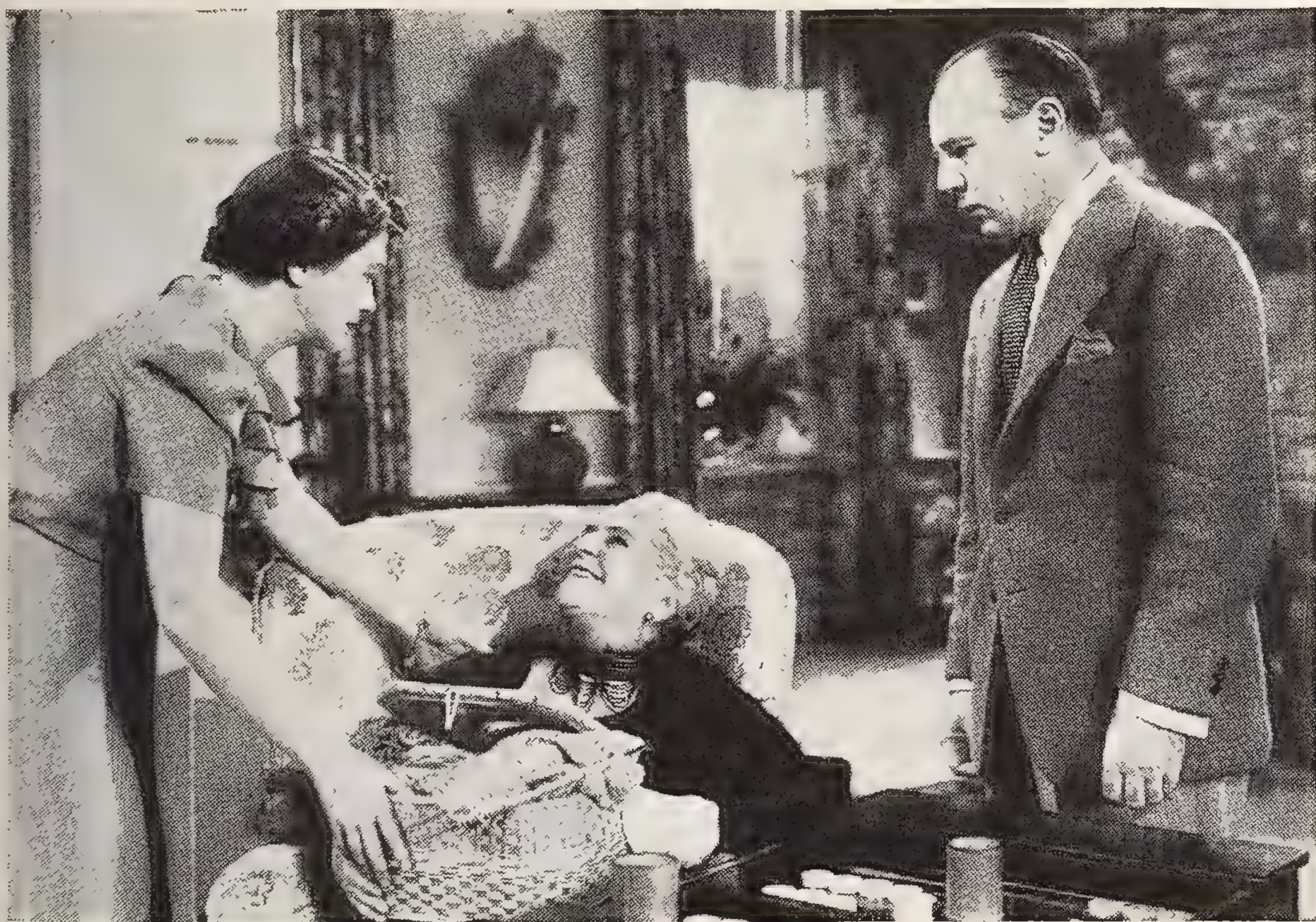
"Personally, I don't give a hang about you," Chet informs him bluntly, "but there are rumors on this ship that you are an indispensable nuisance. That's no idle—" Mr. McLaglen re-



Martha Raye, Andy Devine, Bob Hope in "Never Say Die."



Eddie Quillan, Kathryn Kane, Ken Murray, Ernest Truex, Edna Sedgwick and Johnnie Downs in "Swing, Sister."



Fay Bainter, May Robson and Roland Young in "Yes, My Darling Daughter."

turns vehemently and then blows up in his lines.

"Chit-chat," the script girl, prompts him.

"Chit-chat?" Mr. Mc repeats in a puzzled tone.

"Chatter," Lew Landers explains helpfully.

"That's no idle chatter," Mr. McLaglen takes it up.

The scene goes on with the boys hurling insults and epithets at one another. When it's finished Chet comes up to shake hands.

"As soon as this picture is over," he volunteers, "I'm going back to do more personal appearances."

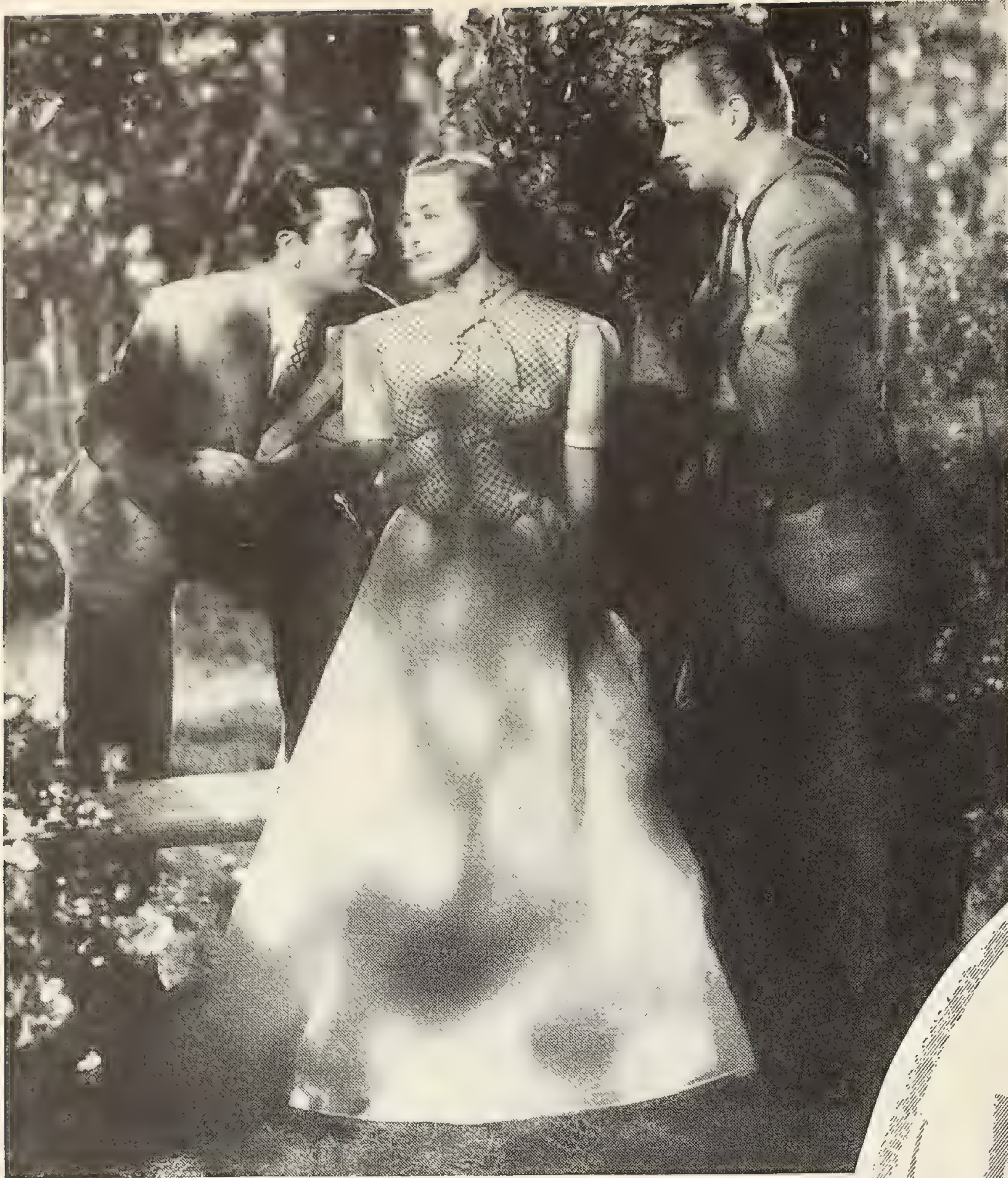
"Ya know," I conjecture, "as long as I've known you and as well as I knew you—dinner about three times a week," I explain meaningly, "I never heard any mention of all this magic with which you're nowadays mystifying the populace."

"I never inflicted it on my friends—before I found it paid," Chet explains modestly.

Well, I'm not going to be any guinea pig for anybody—whether it pays or not—so I wish him well on his trip and try the next stage where "Beauty for the Asking" is shooting.

This features Lucille Ball (the girl who knows all the answers and doesn't hesi-

[Continued on page 66]



Robert Young, Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas who are so fortunately cast in "The Shining Hour."

THE SHINING HOUR

A DRAMA FOR ADULTS—MGM

IN HER newest picture Joan Crawford plays Maggie Riley, a girl from the Tenth Avenue slums, who by sheer determination and hard work has danced her way into fame and fortune at the elegant El Sirocco Club in New York. She marries into a smug, venerable and very stuffy family who pride themselves on being landed gentry, and who definitely do not want her and her cheap background in the family.

When her husband, Melvyn Douglas, brings her to the ancestral home she walks right into a sister-in-law, Fay Bainter, who is positive that Joan is a bad girl and will stop at nothing to prove it. The younger brother, Robert Young, who is somewhat of a neurotic, falls in love with her and makes a play for her. All of which is quite upsetting to his tense young wife, Margaret Sullavan, who loves him so devotedly that she is willing to die so that he can find happiness with Joan.

Everyone becomes thoroughly unhappy and suspicious until the burning of the new home being built for Joan, and Margaret's attempt at suicide in its flames, brings them all back to normal—and to the right wives and husbands.

Frank Albertson plays a small town

guy who gets ideas about Joan, Allyn Joslyn plays a night club master of ceremonies, and Hattie McDaniel plays Joan's faithful maid. The cast is excellent—Joan outdoes herself with a brilliant performance—but the story, alas, is not so brilliant. In the opening sequence Joan does a dance with the famous Tony DeMarco which is beautiful and glamorous and has the Crawford fans in ecstasies.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY

GARY COOPER'S FANS WILL ADORE THIS—UA

GARY COOPER and Merle Oberon are romantically teamed in the newest picture from the Goldwyn workshop which shows signs of breaking records wherever it goes. Gary, our best All-American, plays Stretch Willoughby, a cowboy who leaves his home ranch to become a rodeo performer, in hopes that he might meet a gal who will occupy the

little house he is building out West. He wants a good work horse, and no show horses need apply.

Merle, who has more "heart" on the screen than most actresses, plays the daughter of a man who is ambitious to be nominated president, so ambitious that he has sacrificed everything, including his daughter's happiness. To avoid a scandal, he sends her off to the Palm Beach house where she, practically dying of boredom, begs her two maids, Patsy Kelly and Mable Todd, to take her along to the rodeo and get her a blind date.

When she meets Gary she tells him that she is a lady's maid and wins him with a sad story about her drunken father and four little sisters. He marries her and takes her to his rodeo camp near Galveston.

But the climax comes when Cowboy Gary discovers that his wife is not a lady's maid, and there is a swell scene where he tells off her father and a lot of stuffed shirt socialites. Harry Davenport as Merle's understanding uncle stands out in the cast. Walter Brennan and Fuzzy Knight play cowboys and Emma Dunn is grand as Ma Hawkins. The sequence

Review

OF THE NEW PICT



where Gary is caught playing house in pantomime reaches a new high in comedy.

SAY IT IN FRENCH FRIVOLOUS, FROTHY AND VERY FUNNY—*Par.*

RAY MILLAND plays a golf champion who returns from Europe with a cute little French bride, Olympe Bradna, only to discover that papa has gone broke in his absence and has arranged for him to marry rich Irene Hervey to save them from financial disaster. Before he has a chance to tell papa about Olympe she is mistaken for the new French maid and coaxes her husband into helping her conceal her identity.

It's all a delightful joke with Olympe until she discovers that the beautiful Irene is in love with her husband. You can well imagine that the household complications are spicy and diverting. There are excellent performances by Janet Beecher and Holmes Herbert as Ray's parents, and Mary Carlisle as his sister.

LITTLE TOUGH GUYS IN SOCIETY

CHILDREN WILL "EAT THIS UP"—*U*

THOSE little tough guys are here again, so hold on tight to your lorgnettes. Jackie Searl is cast as a very spoiled and very wealthy Mamma's boy who solves life's problems simply by staying in bed. His fluttery screwball mother, Mary Boland, calls in a phony psychiatrist to diagnose his case, and naturally Dr. Mischa Auer isn't going to miss out on a chance like this to make some easy money.

He arranges for Jackie and his society friends to do a bit of mingling with a gang of roughnecks from the slums, which mingling of course is conducive to much rambunctious hilarity.



Irene Hervey and Ray Milland in "Say It In French." They seem to have an interested audience in Josef Swickard and Billy Lee.



The kissed Merle Oberon signals to her pals that Gary Cooper in "The Cowboy and the Lady" is doing all right.

Eventually the sissies and the tough guys share honors and heroics in the rout of a bunch of stick-up thugs.

Edward Everett Horton appears as a harrassed butler, and Frankie Thomas and

Helen Parrish stand out among the kids. This picture will appeal mostly to the youngsters.

ARREST BULLDOG DRUMMOND AS AN AMATEUR SLEUTH HE DRIVES SCOTLAND YARD MAD—*Par.*

Mischa Auer, Mary Boland and Jackie Searl in "Little Tough Guys in Society."

B is at it again, meddling in the solution of crime. This time, two murders are committed by an international spy to gain possession of a valuable invention—a death

ray designed to set off explosives at any range.

The murderer will soon try to sell the machine to the highest bidding government for use in warfare—but ah, they failed to reckon with England's ace amateur sleuth, Bulldog Drummond, who "gets there" faster even than Scotland Yard.

John Howard again plays Drummond, and again deserts his girl right before their marriage to go off sleuthing with Reginald Denny and E. E. Clive. This is by far one of the most exciting in the very popular Bulldog Drummond series.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY YOU WILL LIKE THIS COMEDY WITH MUSIC—*Par.*

ALL on account of they were such a sensation when they sang "Thanks for the Memory" together in "The Big Broadcast of 1938," good old Paramount decided to team Shirley Ross and Bob Hope in a picture named after the song. And a very agreeable decision it was too. Nobody can put over a song number as well as that Ross gal and nobody can deliver lines so cleverly as Bob Hope.

Just for old times' sake Shirley and Bob sing "Thanks for the Memory" again—it has been dressed up with some new lyrics—and also share honors in a new and delightfully tuneful ditty called, "Two Sleepy People." The story's all about the marital adventures of a young author whose wife takes a job as a model so that her husband will have time to write the great American novel—after he has finished the housework.

Patricia Wilder plays Louella Mae, the helpless little Southern girl who lives in the apartment next door and who is always trying to lure our hero with beaten biscuits and Virginia ham. In the "gang" who are always dropping in we find Roscoe Karns, Hedda Hopper and Laura Hope Crews. [Continued on next page]

OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS

ANOTHER GRAND SUCCESSOR IN THIS
SERIES—MGM

ANOTHER high spot in the Judge Hardy series. This time Judge Hardy (Lewis Stone) takes his family out West to help Ralph Morgan, an old friend, keep his ranch. Andy (Mickey Rooney) bounces about in his cowboy clothes, gets a good case of jitters, and becomes the Dream Prince of one little Virginia Weidler, who practically steals the picture.

Virginia is the daughter of the foreman of the ranch and when she discovers that Marian Hardy (Cecilia Parker) has fallen in love with her Daddy she makes things plenty hard for Marian.

It looks as if the Judge has just about lost his fortune in his efforts to help his friend when Mrs. Hardy (Fay Holden) comes to the rescue with an Indian blanket with a map on it. Continued next month—we hope.

SPRING MADNESS

A DIVERTING LITTLE COLLEGE FILM—
MGM

IN THIS Lew Ayres continues on the comeback trail—much to the pleasure of everyone. Lew plays a serious minded Harvard senior who is determined not to mess up his life by marrying while he's young. But he becomes the target of Maureen O'Sullivan's romantic attentions, and first thing you know he is attending the college spring dance and falling in love.

Maureen doesn't land her man too easily, however, she has to call on the strenuous support of her loyal sorority sisters. Her pretty classmates who lend a helping hand are Ann Morriss, Joyce Compton, Ruth Hussey and Jacqueline Wells. Burgess Meredith plays Lew's sidekick, and the college boys are Sterling Holloway, Frank Albertson, and Dick Baldwin.

EVERYBODY'S BABY

IF YOU'RE A JONES FAMILY ADDICT,
YOU'LL LOVE THIS—20th Century-Fox

THE latest Jones Family film has to do with babies, and is unquestionably one of the funniest in the series. Russell Gleason and Shirley Deane have a baby, and of course Russell and grandpapa Jed Prouty go in for plenty of corridor pacing.

But the fun really gets under way when Dr. Pillcoff (Reginald Denny) arrives at the hospital to act as an authority on the correct bringing up of the hygienic offspring. New Mamma Shirley falls for the stuff and immediately the entire Jones household is dominated by a super hygienic nurse, extremely well played by Claire Du Brey.

The poor Joneses have to swathe themselves in sterilized gowns and peer at the newcomer from behind gauze masks. Six months of that and Mamma and Papa are living under separate roofs. But of course Granny Jones (Florence Roberts) gets everything straightened out in the end.

UP THE RIVER

A SWELL BURLESQUE ON PRISON LIFE—
20th Century-Fox

IF YOU weren't born yesterday, and if you can remember eight years back, you'll probably recall seeing this picture when it served to introduce to the screen a sterling young actor by the name of Spencer Tracy. Eight years have improved both Spencer and "Up the River." The picture is now an out-and-out burlesque on prison life and played for laughs—which it certainly gets.

Preston Foster and Arthur Treacher play a couple of trans-Atlantic card sharks who are picked up when they arrive in the U. S. A. and sent to prison. Well, it's like old home week when the boys get behind the bars again. They join the football team, coached by Slim Summerville, and they dress up like dames and make merry in the Prison Follies. (Wait until you see Preston and Arthur impersonating a couple of floosies.)

In their more serious moments they make the acquaintance of Tony Martin, a nice kid who has been railroaded to prison by Sidney Toler, a crooked promoter. When the boys learn that Toler is about to wrest the nest egg of Jane Darwell, Tony's mother, they escape prison in their Follies costumes and personally attend to the crooked Mr. Toler—but they get back in time to play football. Alan Dinehart plays the warden, Bill Robinson a tap-dancing convict, and Eddie Collins a cheer leader. It's a lot of fun for the family.

The Gay Deceivers of Radio

[Continued from page 53]

All of this is done in a few seconds' time, ever so much less than it takes to tell. But because of the strong appeal that these sounds have made to the listener's imagination the drama of the scene and the spookiness of the setting have become more tense and realistic. In fact, Edward G. Robinson sums it all up when he says: "Just as every movie star sends up a prayer for an ace cameraman, every radio producer does his utmost to obtain for his show a topnotch sound effects man. These sound illusionists are the powers behind the throne and are absolutely indispensable. I never cease to marvel at the ingenuity with which they produce various effects."

And well might Eddie wonder for on his own radio show, which features Claire Trevor, in which the two of them have to get rid of a fresh batch of law-breakers every week, a lot of sound effects are required. But the one that amused him most was the time they had to show a gangster knifing a double-crosser. To get that across the network, the sound technician took a dull kitchen knife and plunged it into—a potato!

That's how it is in radio. Of course they couldn't very well plunge the knife into the actor, just for the sake of realism. But even so, so sharp are the ears of the microphone that in many instances the actual sound cannot be used. It doesn't sound like the real thing when magnified to the degree that the microphone boosts all sounds.

It is here that the ingenuity of the technician is called upon. For instance, in a recent Spencer Tracy-Joan Crawford broadcast, they had to get the sound of a person crawling through crackling underbrush. They tried setting up some underbrush in the studio, but the sound wasn't right. Snapping twigs in front of the mike sounded like rifle shots. After dozens of experiments they found the answer—by running an ordinary whiskbroom up and down a pane of glass. Maybe when you try that at home, it won't sound like crackling underbrush. But remember when the sound men listen to it, they listen as it comes over a microphone, and mike makes all the difference in the tone.

Recently when Jack Benny did a burlesque of the movie "Yellow Jack" they tried every known electrical device from door buzzers to scalp vibrators to create "mosquitoes" until they discovered that a dozen tightly stretched rubber bands would turn the trick satisfactorily. And if his arch air-foe Fred Allen desires to go nautical he doesn't have to drag a boat into the studio. Flexing and unflexing a dollar bill in front of the mike makes a "put-put-put" sound like an outboard motor.

Not so long ago Al Jolson staged a back-to-the-farm saga but he didn't use a real cow. When it was time to milk bossy in front of the mike, they got the same sound by squeezing water-filled ear syringes into a bucket. For the paff! zam! zowie! of fisticuffs, the fight to the finish

is fought by the simple expedient of whacking a rubber bath sponge with the knuckles. And as for sex on the networks, it's really love's labor's lost for any time Gracie Allen or other lovelorn laddies or lassies get sentimental, their steam-heated kisses get no further than the back of their own hand. Honest, that's how they make love on a national hookup.

And don't think the listeners don't check up on sound. The Gang Busters show, a cops and robbers affair, prides itself on the accuracy of its sound effects because they use so many of 'em. Yet, to their chagrin, they received the following note from a chauffeur: "You made it very clear that it was a Ford truck used for chasing the robbers and I distinctly heard shifting of gears; but unless I am mistaken, the year that robbery took place there was no Ford on the market with a shift." And he was right!

Sound effects aren't used only for the background of plays. Vocalists, too, find them very useful and such singers as Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith, Martha Raye, Jane Froman and Al Jolson employ them very frequently as settings for their song dramatizations.

Not all sound effects, however, are produced mechanically. Radio has a group of actors who are specialists in making the human voice sound "like what it ain't" over the air. These performers give out, on cue, sounds that range from the whinny of a horse, the bay of a hound on the scent, the grunt of a pig, to the

wail of a hungry infant and the cackling laugh of a crazy woman.

For many reasons it isn't always practical to use canned sounds so these folks are called in to do them and play regular parts in the drama besides. They all started out as straight actors but soon found that their sound specialties, which many developed as a parlor trick or a gag, soon put them on the preferred list in the casting office. So they developed as many new effects as possible.

The most versatile of these human sound effects is Bradley Barker. That's his real name and not a gag, despite the fact that he is probably the dean of animal imitators. He used to make noises for sound pictures in the early days and once roared for Leo, the M-G-M lion. On the air he has played every conceivable animal. Nothing stumps him, not even when he had to play a dinosaur and a wounded dinosaur at that. It was a poser, he admits, but since no one knew what that prehistoric beast sounded like, he just used his imagination. "It started with a roar and ended with a squeak," he recalled, "and everyone seemed satisfied." No one complained either when he had to do a mongoose, and a phone call to the zoo revealed that a mongoose is dumb. He just gave a faint mousey squeal and let it go at that.

According to him, it is all a matter of voice placement. How he twists his vocal chords to get the right effect he is unable to explain. But he does know that for a small dog the voice comes from the throat and he stands at a distance from the mike. For the roar of a lion, the voice is deeper and he stands close to the little black box. For frogs and crickets he puckers up his lips as for whistling. The hardest he had to do was growl like a rhinoceros. The human vocal chords just aren't capable of that, so he roars into a megaphone to get the necessary resonance.

Harry Swann is another radio naturalist who specializes in the barking of a dog. And he just doesn't go up to the mike and give a yip. He wants to know the kind of a dog he is impersonating, its age, and the circumstances of the bark: whether it is a friendly "wurrp" of greeting or the warning "arrrp" of the watchdog. On a recent Rudy Vallee show he had to be a whole pack of dogs and a man escaping from them. It was a sight to see as he talked close to the mike as a man, dashed to a far corner to do his multiple barking, and then rushed back to the mike again for his speaking lines. In case you've been wondering, he says he's very fond of hot dogs.

The expert on bird calls is Clarence Straight, who used to make the noises for Walt Disney cartoons. Straight has been everything from a dove of peace and a sailor's parrot to a turkey gobbler and a mocking bird, between turns as juveniles and villains.

Men, however, do not make all the noise in radio. Women do their share, too. There is Elsie Mae Gordon, a dramatic actress who has an enormous repertoire of odd character parts. She specializes in cackling crazy women and is an especially grand screamer. "I just hold my head back, think of something horrible, and out it comes and I never get a sore throat," she explains. The whole scream gamut—from smothered screams of pain to screams of squealing joy—is part of her technique.



In "Sweethearts," Nelson Eddy, the famous baritone, wears modern clothes for the first time, and the "technicolor" of his hair and eyes you can see for yourself.

But she definitely refuses to laugh on the air; says it's too hard to do.

For a gal who cries herself to prosperity, there's none to beat Sally Belle Cox. Her infantile breath-catching, heart-breaking baby sobs are a gold mine to her and every payday she wades to the bank through a welter of tears. She can play a cooing, prattling baby and in the next breath go into the nastiest six-year old brat you ever heard. Not only can she cry *like* a baby, she can cry *better* than a baby because she shuts up on cue. To get the proper effect, she uses a pillow as a prop. Being a big girl now, she must stifle her sobs, gurgles and wails to the proper volume for a baby's lung power and that's where the pillow comes in. You can gauge the age of her baby by the amount of pillow she uses. For newborn infants she completely buries her head in the pillow. For babies six months old, she holds it lightly around her face. For children over two she discards it entirely and wails away.

"A baby's cry or gurgle is the same in any language," she has found. "It is as universal as music. Nationality, color, race or religion have nothing to do with the kind of noise it will make. There is, however, a definite baby vocabulary and a baby can express itself by an infinite variety of sounds. There is a certain noise for the newborn, the plaintive wail of a hungry tot, and the furious outburst of the angry child. Men particularly like the coos and gurgles of the happy baby."

In this connection a bachelor once wrote the studio saying he would like to adopt the baby that was so adorable on a certain Kate Smith broadcast. That baby was Miss Cox so the studio replied that the babe he so admired was a pretty brunette, five-feet six-inches tall. To which he wired back, "O.K. Offer still good!"

This then is the human and mechanical bag of tricks that the networks use to set the stage with sound so that you can "see" a broadcast unfold before your ears. There are other actors in addition to these who do sound effects, just as there are many more gadgets than are mentioned here. The networks have discs recording about 10,000 different sounds ranging from the rattle of washing dishes to an

airplane in flight and the sizzle of frying eggs. They get variations by running the discs faster or slower than normal speed, or by running several simultaneously. In addition they have many pieces of equipment which they use to produce sounds that are not recorded on these discs. And they are continually experimenting for new effects.

But recently the NBC sound effects department thought it had met its Waterloo when it was handed a script and found that it was supposed to provide the noise made by: (1) a man slipping into a heavy overcoat; (2) a child sinking into an easy chair; and (3) a woman coming down velvet-carpeted stairs. While they were pondering, the script was withdrawn. Which made everybody happy but the author. So they sent him a recording of a man grumbling against fate!

The Far East Comes to Hollywood

[Continued from page 27]

notations.

While he was making his leisurely cruise around the world, Garnett's business agent was busy. The director had to make pictures immediately to replenish his treasury from which the cruise drew heavily indeed. Walter Wanger's "Stand In" with Leslie Howard came first and while directing it Garnett interested Wanger in "Trade Winds." With three other films ahead of it on his production schedule Wanger couldn't make "Trade Winds" at the time and so Garnett went to RKO to direct Irene Dunne in "Joy of Living." But Wanger made good his promise and as soon as he had finished "Algiers" and Garnett had finished "Joy of Living" they got together, reviewed all phases of the story as Garnett had written it and selected the scenes (4,000 feet of Garnett's 150,000 feet) for "atmosphere."

Art Director Alexander Toluboff, who had been a practicing architect in Turkestan, China and Japan before coming to Hollywood created 79 sets for the picture,



RAW THROAT? Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact*; (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to 1/2 glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.



DANDRUFF ITCH? Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*
4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction — or your money back in full!*



*Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic — an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World War surgery . . .

Use **ZONITE** for
FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
FEMININE CLEANSING

ranging from a piece of the dock at Bombay to a dainty Japanese geisha house in Tokyo, a set which was the first authentic reproduction of such a Nipponese house ever erected in a studio. The walls were of oiled paper and bamboo, the floors covered with rattan matting. The only furniture was a tea table 18 inches high and about 40 inches long, a tea stand with a dwarfed maple tree in a simple pot on top of it, a small platform for the native musicians and a small silk tapestry on one wall.

Into this set comes Fredric March, and later Ralph Bellamy, in search of Joan Bennett, who is trying to flee from the police in San Francisco after she thought she had shot Sidney Blackmer. March is a private detective, Bellamy a member of the regular force—a self-righteous fellow who took his 90 days' training too seriously and frequently becomes more amusing than he intended.

Ann Sothorn created a new character for herself in "Trade Winds," a type of

part that is bound to win her many new friends. She is March's secretary, hungry for romance but well enough acquainted with her boss to know that he should be watched if the \$100,000 reward, he is after, is actually won.

Matching Garnett's Asiatic atmosphere scenes with studio sets gave the production department some real problems at times.

The first day on the set Director Garnett learned that his two sound men were former navy men who had once rescued him at sea when he 'pancaked' a 21 passenger flying boat to avoid a fire in mid-air, off La Jolla, California, in 1920. Their enlistments in the navy at an end just as motion pictures became 'talkies' Commander Paul Neal and Radio Officer 'Curley' Nelson took up film sound recording. Their work with Lieutenant Garnett was one of the many happy coincidences which made the filming of "Trade Winds" almost as romantic as the story of this new film play.

Allure! Mysterious—Provocative

[Continued from page 34]

not until she sluffed the crinolines and stood revealed, small waist, shapely bosom, heavy-lidded eyes, quite remarkable legs that she came into her own. What lesson does this teach? I'm not trying to answer a question, simply to propound one . . . which is that Bette's ability was always there, no doubt, but not until she added glamour to her handful of talents did she set off a star which now glitters round the world.

(Hollywood not glamour-conscious? When they tried to glamorize mouthy Martha Ray, need you ask???)

And there is Ann Sheridan, right here among us, at Warner Brothers, Texas born and bred. I ask you to consider the pictures of Ann Sheridan and then tell me that glamour must be a foreign import. Ann with her tawny red hair, jewelled darkling eyes, 109 pounds of richly curved beauty. Ann has talent, yes. Ann has courage. Her pals call her "Annie." She has the kind of popularity which was Jean Harlow's and, like Jean, she has astonishing beauty of face and form. She can sleek her hair back from her lovely face, let it fall into cascades of curls on one side. She is snaky and sinuous in a satin negligee, one leg showing, slippers with glittering, jewelled heels. Ann knows how to pose on a tiger skin . . . and does. For five years Hollywood kept the simply sumptuous Sheridan hidden under a bushel of "B" pictures . . . pictures in which she played a shop-girl, a school-marm . . . drab parts, drably dressed . . . and during this time people would see her around the lot, around town, in her effulgent loveliness, and they would exclaim "Good God, who is THAT?" And wouldn't believe it when they were told that "That" was Ann Sheridan, the Lost Lady of the "Bs." Then she played in "Letter Of Introduction." She wore smart clothes. Her beauty began to "so shine" that her studio rubbed its eyes and opened them wide on the glamorousness of Sheridan. They asked themselves "What has Hedy got that our Annie

doesn't have?" And there was no rational answer to the question. Orry Kelly himself began to dress her (his assistants had "done for" Ann before). She made "Broadway Musketeers" and shook a sheathed and shapely hip and sang a song in a bluesy, come-hither voice. Then she made "Angels With Dirty Faces" and now Hollywood is Awake to Annie, all eyes, all ears . . . catching up her resemblance to Harlow . . . now they are giving us Ann as she really is and could have been from the beginning . . . imperiously lovely and vibrant and velvety and satiny and ripe with song and summer and the joy of living and all the wine-of-life qualifications which go to make for Glamour. Now the Warner Brothers, even when remembering Hedy Lamarr, can sleep in peace.

The late Irving Thalberg realized the value of glamour when, a year or so before he died, he advised Norma Shearer to give no more interviews about herself as a wife, a mother. He well knew that the Helens and the Guineveres are not remembered for their stable virtues but for their dangerous allure.

Dorothy Lamour brings glamour with her. It is in her soft, dark folded hair, unawake eyes, full soft mouth . . . her quietness gives us something of that dark throb which is the pulse of glamour. Her voice when she sings is like the scent of the gardenia, throaty and laden. There is a suppression about her which provokes and arouses the heady passions of men who admire women in kitchen aprons but throw over kingdoms for a Dietrich.

For Dietrich, too, has glamour. Hollywood laughs a little at Marlene, at her temperament, at her Narcissism . . . but Dietrich never enters a room, a theatre, a cafe but what every head is turned in her direction, but what the eyes of men keep wandering toward her, the lodestone, and the women instinctively "fuss with" their hair, take out their lipsticks, adopt more alluring poses.

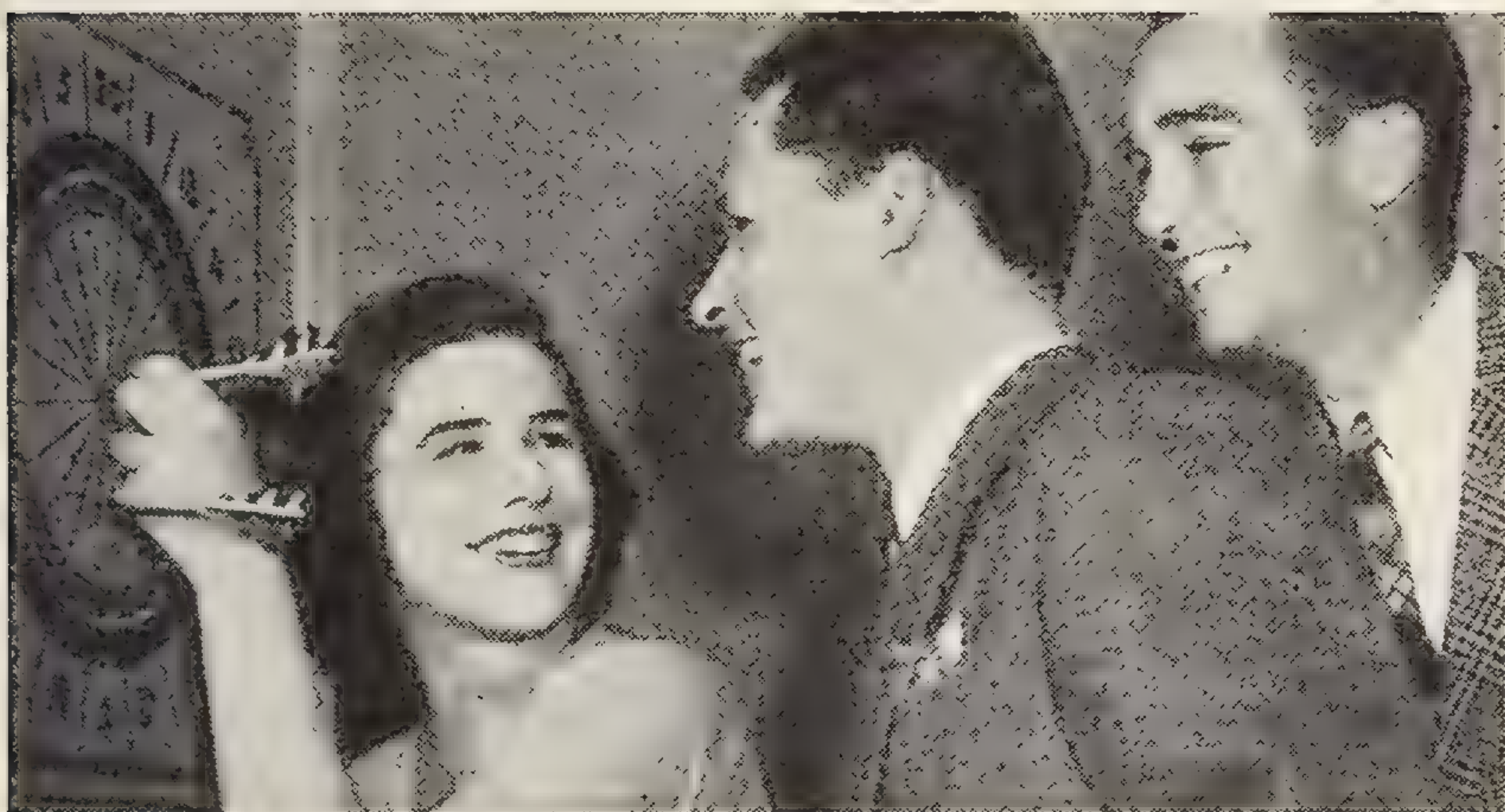
In Hollywood we say that Paulette



Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM



**WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE—
THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!***



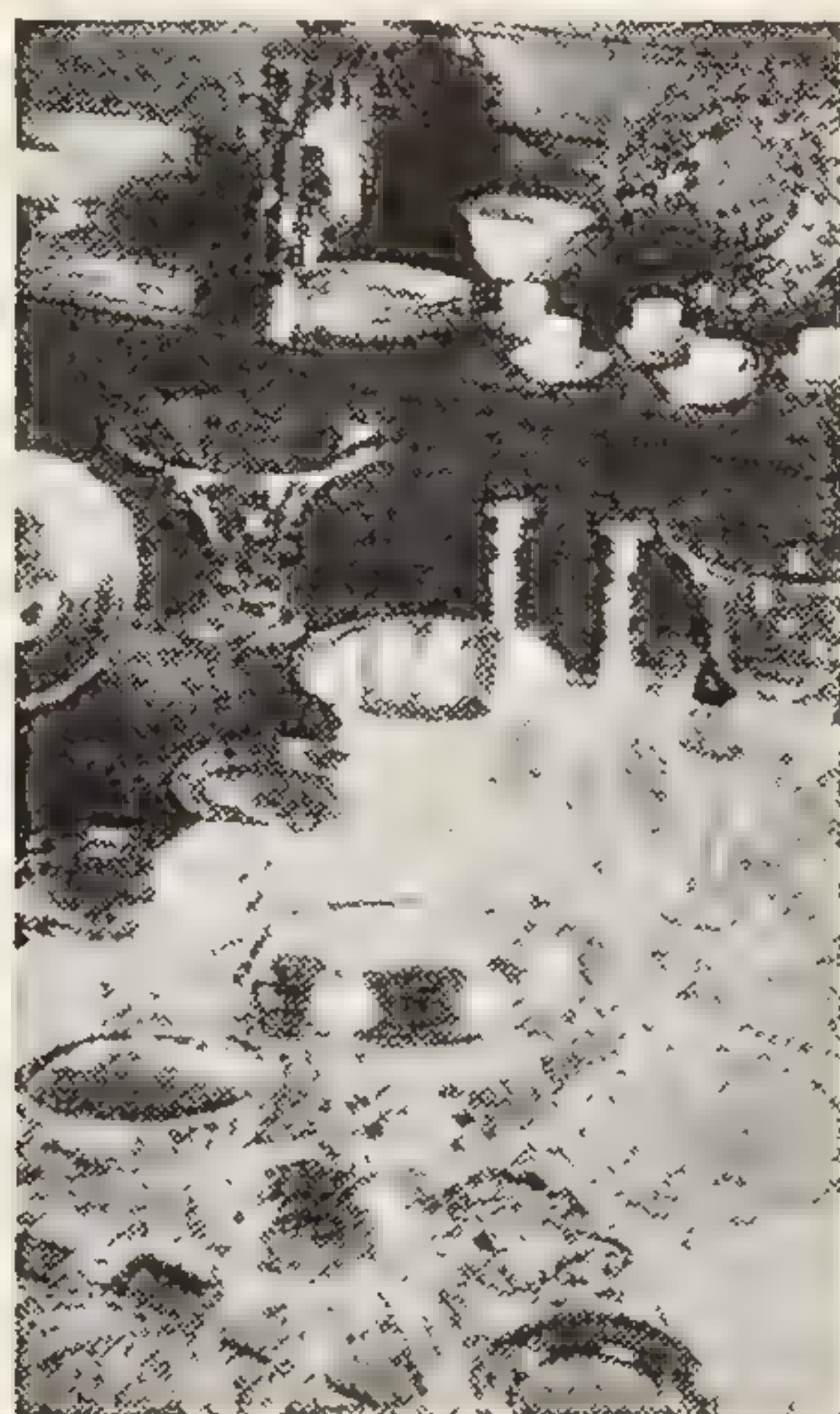
Boy Teaches Girl—Nancy Hoguet gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."



Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—Anne Clark Roosevelt faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health**. I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."



Big Moment—Camilla Morgan (now Mrs. Remsen Donald) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry**. Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."



245 Presents—Marjorie Fairchild sails for Bermuda honeymoon day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for make-up."



Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

● Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns **quicker**.

● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY



"HOW DOES AGNES EVER
SATISFY HER CHILDREN
BETWEEN MEALS
WITHOUT SPOILING
THEIR APPETITES?"



HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house. The youngsters love it. P. S. So do grown-ups!



ONE OF AMERICA'S
GOOD HABITS
Beech-Nut

Goddard "has glamour" . . . and in her case, as in the case of Lamarr, it is not because of what she has done on the screen that people are conscious of the slim dark Paulette. She has made only two pictures, the first with Chaplin, the next her comparatively small part in "The Young In Heart." She is not beautiful in the ravishing manner of Lamarr. The glamour of Paulette may have to do with Chaplin, their romance, their oft-discussed marriage . . . but Chaplin has been married before, more than once, and his aura did not glamorize his other wives as Paulette is glamorized. There is that quality in her to which someone recently referred as "purple." She has the quality of glamour which cannot be defined nor explained and perhaps that is the most lasting quality of all because what cannot be explained cannot be explained away. Paulette is News.

Carole Lombard has all the requisites of glamour. Once not long ago, Carole was one of our Glamour Girls, de luxe. She is tall and slenderly made. She has pale gold hair and a mat white skin and temperament and a throaty, Barrymoresque voice and her romance with Gable. But Carole, for a time at least, threw off the velvet mantle of the Glamour Girl. Carole has romped her way through antic, uproarious comedies. She has been seen, off the screen, streaking about on a motor bike, roping calves in the Valley with Gable, going duck shooting in cords and

a felt hat. Carole has been Funny. And somehow the one ingredient which never mixes with glamour is—Comedy. But Carole may go glamorous on us yet again. In the Selznick International picture, "Made For Each Other," in which she and Jimmy Stewart divided acting honors, Carole goes very dramatic indeed. And more, has been seen around town of late, pale face, pale gold hair groomed, wearing black gowns and sables and orchids . . . sign-posts pointing to glamour, I'd say, black gowns and sables and orchids.

Yes, Hollywood, now you are remembering . . . now you are turning Lamarr-awakened eyes on the girls who may be Schooled, not for Scandal, but for Glamour. Young Lana Turner over MGM way, for instance. Lana has a figure turned in such curves as arrests the breath in any normal young man. She has gold eyes and a skin like pale saffron and is very young and very full of the joy of life and of living. And MGM is watching and waiting . . . and hoping.

I have heard young girls say that Margaret Sullavan is glamorous. Now Maggie is not a beauty. Maggie is married, a mother, about to become a mother a second time. You feel the Sullavan brain ticking when she works. Which again goes to prove that there is no pat definition for glamour, no set of rules, no grocery lists of ingredients. "Why is she glamorous?" I asked. They answered: "Oh, don't you know? She just *is*!"

Pictures on the Fire

[Continued from page 59]

Warner Brothers

HOLY smoke! There seems to be no end to the number of pictures shooting out here this month and not one of them is on location and not one of them has a "POSITIVELY No Visitors" sign on the door.

Jimmy Cagney is working in "The Oklahoma Kid" so we may as well start there.

This is practically the beginning of the picture. The time is 1893, Sept. 15th. Next day the Cherokee strip (Oklahoma's fertile Indian lands) are to be opened to the white man and there are miles of settlers stretched along the roads awaiting the starting gun at noon next day. Rosemary Lane and her father (Donald Crisp) are in town but, naturally, can't get a room in a hotel. Jimmy spies her, falls for her and when the clerk won't give them a room (because he hasn't one), Jimmy goes up to a room which about twelve men are sharing, tells them they fired the starting gun sooner and they all stampede out, except one drunk who has passed out. Jimmy obligingly slings the blotto gent over his shoulder, goes downstairs and tells Rosemary and her pa they can have *his* room. Thus romance bloomed in the latter days of the nineteenth century.

"Thought you were coming up to Martha's Vineyard while we were there," Jim begins accusingly as he catches sight of me.

"I was," I hedge, "but I remembered the canning season was on and my lum-

tate to let you have them), Donald Wood, Frieda Inescourt and Patric Knowles. You may recall Frieda and Patric as husband and wife in their first American picture—"Give Me Your Heart."

They are husband and wife again—only this time Frieda is an awful frump, in partnership (a silent partner) with Lucille who runs a swank beauty parlor. Pat, cad that he is, falls in love with the glamorous Lucille but Lucy, knowing which side her bread is buttered on (and *there's* a stupid saying because bread is bread and butter is butter and what difference does it make *which* side of the former the latter is spread over?) remains loyal to Frieda. However, she makes it a point to tell Frieda there is no excuse for any woman to go around looking like she does. So, while Pat is away on a "business trip" Lucy not only rejuvenates Frieda but renovates her, too, with a new hair-do and some glad rags that should make Pat feel he's retiring with a perfect stranger when he returns. And, apparently, a change is what Pat wants. She also tells Frieda to pretend she no longer cares and in this way pique Pat's interest.

In the sweet by and by Pat comes back—and, my word! Is *he* stunned when he takes a gander at the new Frieda. He rushes towards her, sweeps her into his arms and prepares to do his stuff. But Frieda turns her cheek, instead of offering her lips, murmurs something about being glad to see him back and politely suggesting they round up a gang and do a little stepping in some swank nightclub.

bago has been to the fore or to the aft again and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to help you pick fruit so, as I didn't want to get in the way, I decided to wait until either dead of winter or dead of summer when there'd be nothing to do but sit on the porch and fan."

"Why not?" Jim rejoins laconically but I hear him mutter "slacker" as he turns away and later I hear from Pat O'Brien he will find *something* for me to do when I arrive if it is during the Heart of Midlothian, which is all very discouraging to me.

Next comes "Always Leave Them Laughing" which, although it may be a *good* title, is certainly an optimistic one. If cast names mean anything you dames had better leave your corsets at home when you go to see this because every first class comic in Hollywood is in this, including Zasu Pitts, Granville Bates, Halliwell Hobbes, Jerry Colonna, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom AND Helen Broderick (who is seen all too seldom these days).

This is the picture in which Dick Powell portrays the professor of music at college, writes a rhapsody, takes it to New York to market, falls in love with a writer of lyrics for popular tunes (Gale Page), has his rhapsody bought and played over the radio in swing time, sung by Ann Sheridan (the lyrics having been supplied by the double-crossing Miss Page), gets drunk off Hurricane cocktails, wins a jitterbug contest when someone slips a hunk of ice down his trousers

—and Love conquers all again.

These plots that sound so looney when you tell them oftentimes turn out to be riotously funny when you see them.

When I catch my breath again I am on the stage of "Yes, My Darling Daughter." When I saw this play the opening night in New York I got up and walked out, which just goes to prove how much I know because it immediately proceeded to run for a year and a half. It is all about a girl who wants to go away somewhere for a week-end or a month with her latest crush. Her mother won't hear of it until the daughter finds out that even as long ago as 1914-18 mothers (who were young themselves) were doing a little plain and fancy chiseling.

At this juncture Fay Bainter (who plays the mother) is going to be faced with either her past or else her daughter (Priscilla Lane) and the latter's boy friend (Jeffrey Lynn). And May Robson, who plays Fay's mother, is in her chair watching the proceedings with a great deal of interest and amusement.

"They're coming!" Fay announces panically as she turns from the window. "Please go, mother."

"Nothing doing," May announces. "I want my tea."

"I'll send it to you!" Fay promises frantically.

"I won't budge," that stubborn May announces. "I want to see how *you* handle a situation of this kind."

"Well, then don't sit there smirking like the cat who swallowed the canary."

I can tell her Fay will handle the situation all right because it isn't the first time she's been in such a pickle. I saw her once in a rotten show that David Belasco produced called "The Other Rose" and in the end Henry Hull had his arms around her.

The other two pictures going out here are "Nancy Drew, Reporter" starring Bonita Granville and "The Adventures of Jane Arden." But it's getting late so we'll let well enough alone and content ourselves with wishing 20th Century-Fox had never invented pictures that go on in series, and skip over to—

Paramount

THERE is more doing here, too, than I have any relish for. "Midnight" starring Claudette Colbert and "Union Pacific" starring Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea are just starting so I'll tell you of them next month.

In "Hotel Imperial" (the picture that certain German actress whom I cannot tolerate, started and refused to finish, and which Margaret Sullavan then started and broke an arm—I didn't say "to keep from finishing") you will finally meet Paramount's new "find"—Isa Miranda. Without having seen Isa in action, I can tell you she is an eyeful. At the moment Mr. Ray Milland is busily dashing up a street on horseback and falling ignominiously off the horse into the mud. And what his public is going to say when they see that classic profile streaked with dirt instead of looking like an Arrow shirt ad, I *don't* know.

S.O.S.

SORRY, JACK...I'M CUTTING IN. BUT LISTEN, FELLOW, WAIT FOR ME AFTER THIS DANCE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING

I KNOW JUDY GAVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, WALT!

BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! ON THE LEVEL, PAL--- YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!

TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate's—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S

WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE---IF IT ISN'T THAT DAILY DOUBLE, JACK AND JUDY, AGAIN!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!

MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢ GIANT SIZE 35¢ OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Good Housekeeping Bureau



WILL HE KISS YOU, TONIGHT?

Your heart is ready...but your lips are not...if harsh greasy lipstick makes you look older, less desirable than the girl of his dreams. He's apt to turn away...and take his kisses to a wiser girl...with sweeter, more natural lips. So...



FOR LIPS THAT LURE—TANGEE!

Here's orange magic in a lipstick known the world over for its "young" appeal! Watch it change on your lips to your very own shade of blush-rose...see how it makes them glow with life, as though your heart beat through them!



ROUGE AND POWDER, TOO!...

Tangee Rouge to match, Compact or Creme, gives your cheeks lovely "natural" color. Clinging Tangee Powder makes your skin seem petal-smooth, all ready to be kissed. Ideal for blondes, brunettes, redheads.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.

TANGEE
World's Most Famous Lipstick
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light
Powder Desired ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ SU-29



Director Edward H. Griffith aboard his yacht the "America." Madeleine Carroll is on his right and, hidden by the script girl, is Fred MacMurray. Left is the assisting director. That's how "Cafe Society" grew to a picture.

"Gwan," says Mr. Milland when he catches sight of me. "You never write anything nice about anyone and I'm not in the mood to be interviewed today. My stomach is upset."

"Well, *that's* a nice crack," I begin indignantly, until I remember that when I interview Mr. Milland I am not supposed to write about him. All that ever comes out of a Milland interview is a free lunch for both of us. Nevertheless I think he is being unduly severe because my stomach isn't upset—or wasn't until I saw him.

But as I said, no one has to drop a ton of lettuce on my head, etc., etc., so I jaunt over to where "Never Say Die" is shooting. This stars Bob Hope, Martha Raye and Andy Devine. Years ago—before my time, naturally—it starred William Collier, Sr., on the stage and I may add that Mr. Collier was the dry type of comic who has never been equalled since—until Mr. Hope, of course.

As I glance over the synopsis my heart sinks because this is not the show Mr. Collier starred in—before my time.

To give you an idea of the story, Mr. Hope is a millionaire hypochondriac. At a swank resort he meets Martha Raye whose father (Paul Harvey) has struck oil and brought her here to marry a title (Alan Mowbray). But Martha loves Andy Devine, a bus driver back home. Bob marries Martha to save her from Alan and himself from Gale Sondergaard, who is after his millions. And then Andy turns up and he, Bob and Martha go on a honeymoon together. This is just a sketchy idea of the plot. I am afraid I have left out the high-lights, but don't let it upset you.

Not being interested in the picture, I take a close gander at Mr. Hope who, these days, is Esquire's idea of the well-dressed man.

"You're quite the fashion plate, Mr. Hope," I vouchsafe. "I'm sure Mr. Robin Burns will be quite dismayed when he learns the extent of your wardrobe—and how you wear it."

Then Andy chimes in and says, "You know the old saying around the YMCA:

"If we can't make a man of you, Mac-Intosh will."

That nettles Bob and he snaps at Andy, "Well, the YMCA certainly didn't do much for you and I haven't seen Mac-Intosh trying to hang anything on you, either."

So I think I'll pour a little oil on troubled waters and I pipe up with: "Now, there's nothing to get excited about, Bob. It's a well known fact that clothes make the man."

"Clothes do NOT make the man," Bob snaps. "Here! Put this coat and hat of mine on and see for yourself. I wear them with *sang froid*. You wear them as though they weren't paid for."

"Well," I counter with some acerbity, "that's the way I feel in them. I don't profess to be an actor."

"Maybe you don't," he comes back at me, "but you're sure giving a swell performance when you profess to be a writer."

The meeting breaks up at this point and I proceed to—

M-G-M

THERE are several big pictures going there but "Ice Follies" starring Joan Crawford, James Stewart and Lew Ayres is only in the rehearsal stage so I'll tell you about that next month. Also the new Spencer Tracy picture. Also "Idiot's Delight" if Miss Shearer will ever take a day off so I can get on the set.

That leaves "Honolulu" with a cast consisting of Robert Young, Eleanor Powell and Burns and Allen.

This set looks like a sun parlor—but it has a fireplace in it. Gracie and Eleanor are wearing a couple of very lovely, very filmy little evening numbers, the while Gracie strums a ukulele and sings "My dog has fleas" in an off-key. But she isn't discouraged, even though she knows something is wrong. "You know, Dotty," she confides to Eleanor, "it isn't the uke that's out of tune—it's the fleas."

"Will you stop that?" Eleanor hisses.

"Oh, please, Dotty," Gracie pleads, "just because your date is late you don't have to get all nervous and irresistible. Maybe his car hit a bridge. Maybe it hit

a truck. Maybe he had an accident. *That* would make him late."

"Sure," Eleanor squelches her. "And maybe he's sitting up with a sick pineapple."

I tell Eleanor she's looking very lovely and beat it to—

20th Century-Fox

LUCK is with me here. I have already told you about Constance Bennett and Alice Faye in "Tailspin" and Shirley Temple in "The Little Princess." "Charlie Chan in Honolulu" is on location and that leaves only "Wife, Husband and Friend" starring Warner Baxter and Loretta Young.

It's a big set with a lot of very beautiful extras. Loretta is the wife who wants to be an opera singer but it turns out Warner is the husband with the voice. And here he is singing magnificently under the direction of that superlative artist—"Actor, Playwright, Director"—Mr. Gregory Ratoff. The song is called "Drink From The Cup Of Tomorrow" and it is a knockout. It was written to order by Mr. Sam Pokrass in twenty minutes so they wouldn't have to use the "Road to Mandalay." And even if this weren't a knockout song it would still be a welcome substitution.

And even if this month's "Projection" by Liza weren't a knockout I'm sure you'd still find it a welcome relief from this. Selah!

Some Believe Their Press Clippings

[Continued from page 19]

expects it just as they expect "Some of These Days" from Sophie Tucker. Mona Lisa, hanging on the wall of the Louvre, has an easier time than the film celebs; her smile is pinned on for all time. She can live up to her publicity without even a struggle. The stars are not so fortunate.

Joan Crawford has grown in many ways, and yet has failed to grow in others. Her will-power, her concentration and her ability to work away at a problem have lifted her from the ranks of chorines to a commanding position in the industry. Yet Joan hasn't grown a defense against newspaper or fan magazine criticism. Few people are able to "take it," mind you, so it is not strange that she can't. What is strange is that a girl who has mastered herself in nearly everything else has failed to master her instinct to cry out when someone raps her. Perhaps it isn't so curious, at that. The biggest cry-babies, when they are attacked by another writer, are newspapermen. The wars between columnists prove how tender-skinned they are. I speak from first-hand knowledge. It is seldom that I can resist the impulse to answer back when a newspaperman jibes at me. In fact, I never do resist the impulse, but instead yield to it immediately.

Robert Taylor isn't full-grown yet, but have no fear about him because all the qualities are there. He is at that stage of immaturity now where references to hair-



"Beautiful HANDS are essential for Charm,"

says

Madeleine Carroll *

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

"Have lovely smooth hands," advises Madeleine Carroll, co-star in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Jergens Lotion helps prevent ugly roughness and chapping; furnishes beautifying moisture for hand skin.



"Winter Dryness" tends to Steal Softness from your HANDS

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*Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray co-starred in Paramount's "Cafe Society". Note her charming hands!

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on-the-chest still disturb him. A few years from now, as he gains in poise, Taylor will make those references himself and thus bury the bugaboo. Bing Crosby has grown, since he went into horse-racing. The racetrack is a great finishing school, because at the racetrack you'll find a very rigorous code of honesty. Associating with the big men of racing was a fine experience for Bing. It taught him a lot of things and the Crosby of today is a real man, in every sense of the word.

Bette Davis, among the women stars, has leaped to full growth. The "ugly duckling" from the Universal lot has travelled a long way since Carl Laemmle, Jr., permitted her to tear up her contract. Probably the qualities always were in her, but in the past year, they've come to full fruition. Norma Shearer, Ginger Rogers, Jeanette MacDonald, Loretta Young—all of these girls have grown year after year. Talk to any one of them and you understand why she is successful. I've forgotten Claudette Colbert in this listing. The Colbert eyeful has her career planned out five years in advance, and can tell you exactly how many pictures she wants to make, what type of pictures, what directors she wants at the megaphone and what cameramen she'd like to handle the lens and lighting.

In Sonja Henie's case, it hasn't been so much a question of growing. Mentally, the little Norwegian was full-grown when she arrived here. Her background of disciplined training for the Olympic games supplies the key, and complementing that was a natural instinct for leadership and business. She is one of the smartest girls and one of the most practical in an impractical colony. Perhaps this is a Norwegian trait. Edgar Bergen thinks with the same clarity that distinguishes Sonja's viewpoint. He's a Norseman, too.

The kid stars, of course, present individual problems conditioned by their years. Mickey Rooney has not grown, in proportion to his success. In fact, many of the older players who have worked with him agree that he is a spoiled, fresh brat. He'll probably get over that. Shirley Temple might have been a spoiled kid but for her mother's strict discipline. The mother is her severest critic and there is nothing that Shirley does, even faintly out of line, that her mother doesn't correct. Freddie Bartholomew, Deanna Durbin and Bonita Granville are grand youngsters.

The career of Adolphe Menjou, which started years ago and is headed for an indefinite run, reflects his growth, rather than his swelling. Menjou, far from fitting the sleek, man-about-town characterization which he has established on the screen, is one of the most sagacious toilers in the Hollywood vineyard. Three times they counted him out, and each time he staged a comeback that raised him higher than he was when they interred him, professionally. "The amazing thing to me," reflected Menjou, "is how few people can handle success in this business. I've seen incredible changes in people. I've seen them swept away by self-importance. They don't last long, those egocentrics. That is the only consolation."

Edward G. Robinson's success is in direct ratio to his own mental expanse. Robinson has a fine mind. He refuses to

permit it to stagnate. His range of interest is catholic in its scope. He is carving out a second career on the radio. He collects fine paintings with enthusiasm. Anything and everything that is mentally stimulating enlists his eager interest. So year after year, Robinson has grown and become more successful.

So you see that it is possible to escape the rigor mortis that sets in in Hollywood and maintain your individuality. It is entirely up to the individual whether he grows or stagnates in the midst of a caste system that is founded on social pretensions and a weekly salary check. If the performer can detach himself sufficiently, he will have no difficulty in getting a clear shot at his target. If he, or his wife, however mistake the social life and snobbery of Hollywood for the film industry, then the performer is well on the way to oblivion. Because the fan only knows what he sees on the screen of a theatre. He doesn't care whether or not a performer is the life of the party at the Trocadero. He only cares what an actor does on the screen of a neighborhood theatre. If a performer will remember that when he comes to Hollywood, and never forget it, he will be successful.

Use Syrup for Energy

[Continued from page 15]

HAM MODERNE

This recipe for canned, boneless ham is especially planned for the home maker who hasn't time to prepare Virginia ham. Remove ham from container and set in shallow pan. Add 1 cup water. Place in moderate oven (350° F.) and bake $\frac{3}{4}$ hours. Remove from oven and stud with cloves. Spread over all a mixture of 1 cup light brown sugar and 1 cup grated pineapple which has been standing for 15 minutes in $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup Karo syrup. Return to oven and bake slowly about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour until golden color has been obtained. A cider or champagne sauce is excellent served with this or baked oranges.

CREAM MAYONNAISE

This is new and tasty. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream, whipped, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 2 tablespoons white syrup. If desired this may be put in small moulds and frozen in refrigerator.

ORANGE CANDIED YAMS

Here is another old favorite. Combine 1 cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 tablespoons white Karo syrup, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter, 1 cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and pour over 4 medium-sized yams (sweet potatoes if yams are unobtainable) uncooked, peeled and sliced into a Pyrex casserole or baking dish. Bake covered in moderate oven (350° F.) until tender, 30 to 40 minutes. Baste occasionally. Remove cover last ten minutes to brown.

RED RELISH

Boil a cup of water and a cup of white Karo syrup together 1 minute. Add 1 apple, cut in eighths, cook until almost tender. Add 1 cup cranberries and 1 thinly sliced orange. Cook 10 minutes longer. Chill. Excellent with cold meats.

BOSTON BAKED BEANS

1 quart navy beans
 1 tablespoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound salt pork
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon pepper
 2 tablespoons Karo syrup
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda

Wash and soak beans overnight. Put into bean pot; wash salt pork and place in center; add 4 cups cold water; cover. Put into slow oven and bake 8 hours. Add more water if needed.

**GRATED SWEET POTATO
PUDDING**

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated raw yams
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 3 tablespoons butter
 3 eggs, beaten lightly
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup *Blue Label Karo*
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
 1 teaspoon vanilla
 Pinch salt

This recipe is an old family standby. Add to grated raw yams (sweet potatoes if yams are unobtainable) all ingredients and put into a Pyrex baking dish. Place in moderately hot oven (350° F.) and bake 45 minutes, stirring twice to thoroughly mix butter and obtain an even brown. Serve with a sauce made by boiling about 2 cups water, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, scant tablespoon butter and thicken with about 1 teaspoon cornstarch moistened with 1 tablespoon cold water.

"On The Dry Side"

[Continued from page 12]

fully removed, it gathers grime. Glenda Farrell applies her cream in a manner approved by many beauty parlors. She squeezes a square of absorbent cotton from ice water, scoops up cream onto it, then onto her face, where she smooths it on the cotton. By the way, have you used the new Co-Ets? Our favorite cotton squares, but far more efficient than ever. Tightly compressed, with no more paper separators to be removed, no loose frizzes of cotton to cling to your skin. Very nice and efficient they are now—far better than before, and a beauty necessity for a dozen and one purposes. It is important to remove all soiled cream from the skin. Use just enough, not too much; it's more efficient, economical and easier to remove.

If you want to remain young and beautiful, you will train yourself at an early age to use some night lubricant on delicate skin areas, notably about the eyes, on frown or expression lines, over the neck, elbows and hands. They are the points that weather. There are plenty of good creams for this purpose. A fairly new and very good product of this kind is Doveskin Oil, by Vita-Ray—a "sunshine" oil, says Vita-Ray, because of its vitamins D, plus A. The skin absorbs this oil readily, so that you need not go to bed looking oily. It is delicate, scented and is wonderfully softening, and I think just what the fine, thin skin needs—and all

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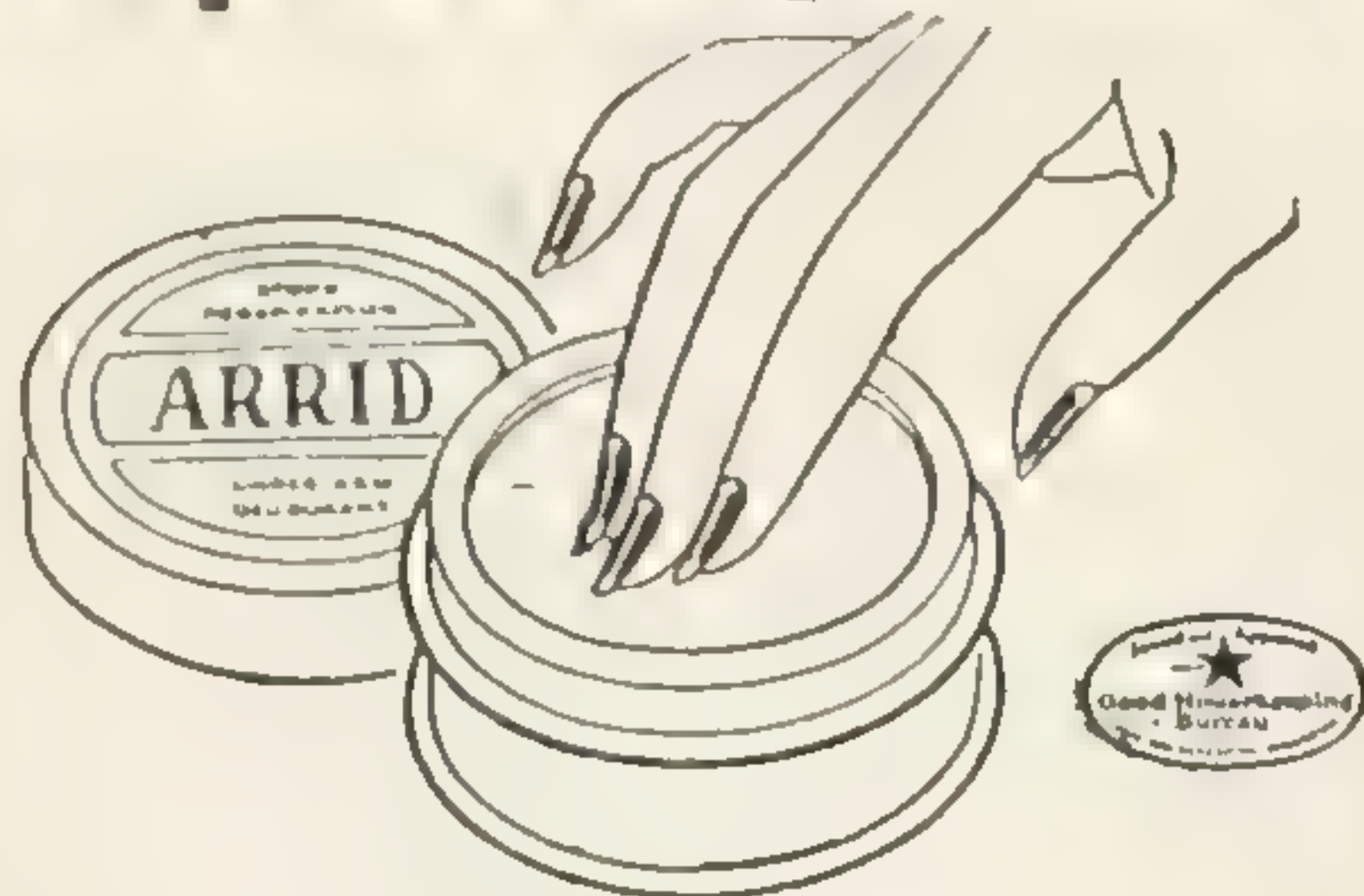
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skins, for that matter. Vita-Ray also reminds me of its excellent Blackhead Treatment. If ever those annoying dark pinpoints are going to appear, this also seems the season. The treatment consists of a liquid and powder to be mixed for each use. In addition to correcting blackheads, the treatment generally clears skin and contracts large pores. Delicate skins usually respond to a very few treatments; oily skins require a little more persistence.

I might also remind you of the Betty Wales Wrinkle Reducer, a wonderfully softening and smoothing emulsion of olive and avocado oils, plus tropical fruit juices. This, also, is readily absorbed by the skin, so you can go to bed looking pretty and sweet. It makes those dried, lined skins soft and younger looking and its continued use does much to erase lines and wrinkles, especially the kind that form so readily in parchment-like skin. This cream must be ordered by mail, but is well worth it. This I know—most women ordering once, continue to order.

And please remember your protective make-up base, especially you Winter sports devotees. We all need one, but especially the sports girls. There are so many good ones, but among the newcomers, an especially good one known as **Powd'r-Base** by Hampden. It is in a flat stick form, very easily applied. It will keep your make-up glamorous looking for hours and is also protective. In a de luxe package in department stores, or a simpler one in chain stores, but the product is the same good **Powd'r-Base**. A **Powd'r-Base Rouge** has just appeared. Very lovely colors. Apply the stick to cheeks, smooth with a powder puff kept for the purpose or fresh cotton. An unique form for rouge, and I think you will like it. **Powd'r-Base Rouge** is in the chain stores only.

These are only a handful of the aids that beautify you from the outside. Each of us, of course, has our favorite, the preparation that is right for us. At that, maybe we are going to avoid Winter skin. At least, we had better try!

Stand Back! Give 'Em Ayres!

[Continued from page 51]

time of the year, what with this and that." Which one of the fellows had framed this up, he wondered, pretty well pleased with himself for the way he was handling things.

"Now, look here," argued Kahn, persuasively, "you evidently think this is a gag, eh? Well, it's not. I'm an agent and talent scout. Here's my card." He produced a wallet and handed Lew one of several business cards, expensively engraved. "What's your telephone number? Where do you live? Have to know where to get in touch with you in a hurry."

The highly respectable Roosevelt grill-room spun rapidly around three times and then settled back to its normal position. So it wasn't a rib after all! This had actually happened to him . . . to Lew Ayres! Somehow he managed to keep his voice on an even keel as he gave Ivan Kahn his phone number and address and that gentleman got up to leave just as precipitately as he had arrived. He would hear from him in a day or two, he assured the astounded young banjo player.

Lew left shortly afterward (no, he didn't get the job in the band) in a state that can only be described as "beautifully dazed." Now, if he could only get outside and find the way to his parked car without any alarm clocks going off he could be reasonably sure he wasn't dreaming. He permitted the doorman a condescending nod and stepped warily out onto Hollywood Boulevard. Yes, there was Grauman's Chinese across the street . . . as far as he could tell the thoroughfare hadn't changed a bit; the sidewalk felt familiarly hard and the street noises seemed quite as usual. But not until he reached his car and started the motor did Lew Ayres feel wide awake enough to give off a little steam, and then passers-by were no little astonished to see a personable young fellow sitting in a dilapidated touring car yelling **WOW! YIPPY! WHAM!!** at the top of his voice.

But Lew Ayres' story, his saga of bulldog courage and tenacity of purpose, really had its inception three years previously when he was attending the University of Arizona. And for sheer stick-to-itiveness it probably has no equal in all the annals of filmdom. Lew's college career was brief in the extreme, for, having no sooner entered the school, he formed an orchestra and headed for points south and west. Hollywood, if you check your maps, is west of Tucson, Arizona. College was just another necessary evil, similar to the sales tax and the sooner he could get to Hollywood and into pictures the more valuable time he would save. For as long as Lew could remember, ever since he'd been in long pants, at least, he had been terribly, hopelessly movie-struck . . . not with the gauzy dreams of fame and fortune common to adolescence, but with the grim determination that some day, somehow, he would be a film actor, and a successful one! Money and adulation were, and still are, of minor importance. Which is the one true mark of the real artist.

So the college band barnstormed all over the southwest and at last landed in San Diego, where Lew's mother lived. He promptly joined up with Henry Halstead, a popular southern California band leader, who was on his way to fulfill an engagement at the Plantation in Culver City, which is only a good mashie niblick shot from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Lew was seventeen at the time and he reasoned that, working nightly right in the very heart of the picture industry, it would be no time at all until some astute director would spot him playing in the orchestra and offer him a contract. Somehow, though, although the Plantation was liberally sprinkled each evening with film celebrities, both minor and major, no one seemed to pay particular attention to young Mr. Ayres. If only he could get a break! Just one tiny

foothold in a studio . . . any studio! But how to go about it? Ah, that was something else again. And when Halstead's orchestra left the Plantation for a tour through California Lew Ayres decided to quit and take his chances on getting another job somewhere near his beloved studios.

So for three years Lew played with this band and that one in and around Los Angeles, hoping, praying, constantly striving for the chance that he was dead positive would come, ultimately. And the music business, being what it is, brought long lay-offs between engagements with nothing but occasional one-night jobs to rely on. Lew, like most musicians, saved not a penny. But, unlike a great many of them, he spent his money, not on the bright lights and careless living, but on something he felt was an absolute necessity if he ever was going to get a break in pictures. Clothes. Every dime he earned that was not needed for the bare essentials of living he invested in clothes, until he had accumulated a wardrobe of which even an Adolph Menjou might well be proud.

This was the state of affairs, then, on the day in 1928 when Lew sauntered into the Roosevelt grill looking for a job as a banjo player. However, it was several weeks until the film scout, Kahn, was able to secure a test for him and then only after a great deal of strenuous haggling with Pathe. Pathe, it seems, just wasn't interested and Kahn had to all but black-jack them into even looking at Mr. Lew Ayres. On the day of the test Lew drove out to the studio in his old car and a close

observer would have noticed that the back seat was piled high with old battered suitcases. He didn't even have enough money for a room and, in fact, didn't know where he was going to sleep that night. But this was in the days when a screen test took very little time, and Lew walked out of the Pathe offices that afternoon with a six months' contract in one pocket and five bucks that he'd borrowed from Kahn, on the strength of the contract, in the other.

The contract Pathe gave Lew was nothing to become excited about. In fact, it was exceedingly modest, Hank Halstead having paid more for his services as a banjo player. But that meant little or nothing to Lew. At long last he was actually on the inside of a picture studio, and with a contract to prove it. He would gladly have worked for nothing had anyone in the Pathe offices suggested it.

Well, as it happened, he worked all-right. Plenty. For six months he played "atmosphere" parts, sitting at tables in cafe scenes and the like, and one small (very small) bit in something called "The Sophomore." And at the expiration of his six months he was once more out of a job. But this failed to deter Lew Ayres or even to dampen his spirits in the least. He called Paul Bern, who had been instrumental in obtaining his Pathe contract and had at that time moved over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and explained his predicament. He was a darned good actor, he told Bern, had had six months of intensive experience (?) and, as he was at liberty at the moment, there would be nothing he'd rather do than go to work

for Metro. Paul Bern previously had been impressed with the boy's fiery intensity, his utter confidence in his ability, and he could sense the latent genius striving so hard for expression. Bern conceived an audacious plan.

Greta Garbo was scheduled to make "The Kiss" but had not been able to find just the right young man to play the romantic lead opposite her. Bern showed her the tests of Lew Ayres and Garbo immediately knew her search was over. She would have Ayres for her lead or she wouldn't make the picture. This was prior to the time she commenced commuting regularly from Hollywood to Sweden.

Naturally, that one picture with the great Garbo was all that Lew needed to light the fuse to his cinematic skyrocket. Universal offered him a contract then, a good one, incidentally, and the first picture he made for that studio was the epochal "All Quiet on the Western Front." When Paul Bern saw the picture, and more especially the scene in the shell hole in which the young German boy (Ayres) has mortally wounded the bearded French soldier, played by Raymond Griffith, then he knew for a certainty that his confidence in Lew Ayres' dramatic ability had not been misplaced. The boy would go far, given suitable material upon which to work. Unlike "The Kiss," in which picture he had all of Garbo's prestige and glamour to bolster him and in which there was nothing highly dramatic to test actual ability, the "All Quiet" story was really the "test by fire" because of the intensely emotional nature of the character he por-



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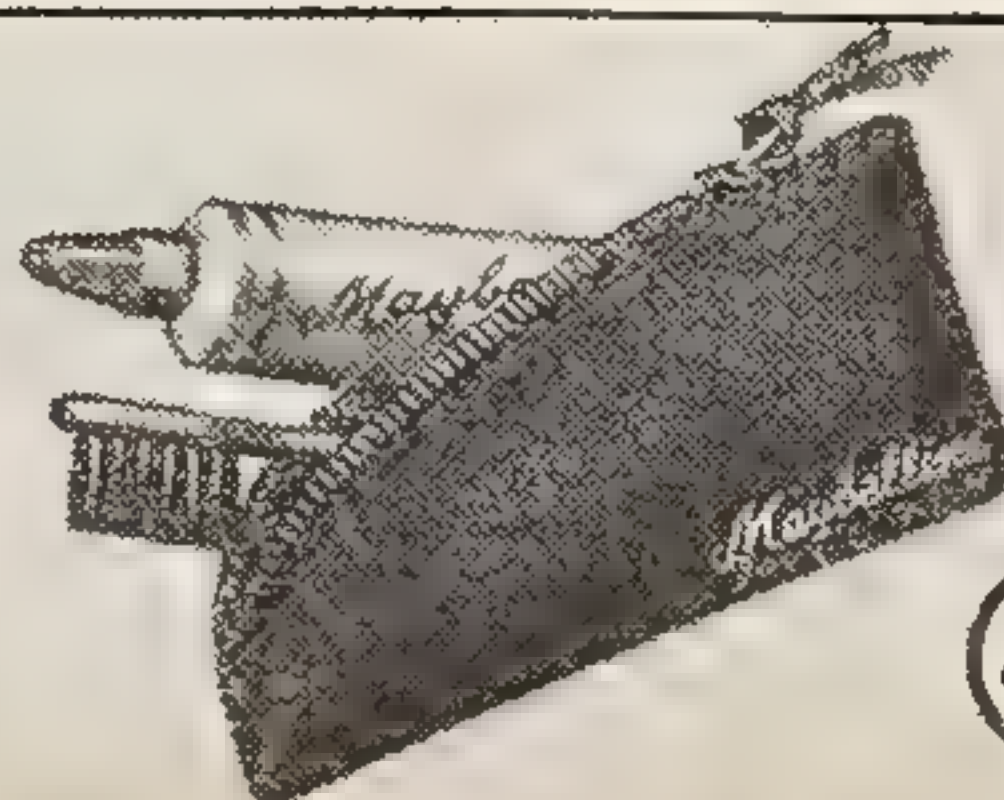
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trayed. And the portrayal he gave would have done credit to an actor with years of experience behind him.

Oddly enough, in the four years that followed, Lew made over thirty pictures, the great majority of them less than mediocre. Which wasn't Lew's fault, there being an old adage in the theater that an actor is only as good as his role, and it takes only about three poor films in a row to spell the death knell of the best of actors. But fortunately, Lew Ayres seemed to prove an exception because, while he made nothing that even approached "The Kiss" or "All Quiet," still, he kept on making pictures, as poor as most of them were—C, D, and, as Lew says candidly, even E, F and G films.

From Universal he went to Fox and from Fox to Republic and in the next four years he worked for every major studio in town with the one lone exception of RKO—and how he ever missed making a few pictures for them he swears he doesn't know! Now, almost any actor who had been hand-picked by Garbo to be her leading man and who had made the sensational hit he had in "All Quiet" would have thrown up the sponge and retired from the screen rather than to humiliate himself by playing in pictures that most of the public never even heard of. But not Lew! He was in the business to stay and if it required a few years of film obscurity that was perfectly okay with him. Sooner or later he knew he'd get another chance and when he did he *knew* he'd be an even better actor than he had been at the beginning of his career.

About this time Lew became tremendously interested in directing. The technique of bringing out the very best dramatic ability in an actor or actress always had been a source of unfailing wonder and delight to him and while he was under contract to Republic he was given an opportunity to try his wings in that field.

From constant study and observation and from continually watching and absorbing the working methods of other directors Lew developed a technique of his own and his initial experience in back of the camera was a story he wrote, cut and directed himself entitled, "Hearts in Bondage," a really remarkable story based upon a heretofore unfiled phase of history, the American Navy during Civil War days.

Contracts at Paramount and Columbia followed, but that was the only picture he directed at that time, and for the next couple of years Lew played in such minor films that even acquaintances of his wondered if he had left the screen for keeps. He hadn't. He was still working, and what was more important, still learning. "That's the main thing," says Lew Ayres today. "If you stop trying to learn all there is to know about your profession you won't even stand still. You'll go backward." And if you saw him as the slightly "jingled" younger brother in Katherine Hepburn's "Holiday," or as Cousin Henry in MGM's "Rich Man, Poor Girl," you'll agree that Lew has learned his trade thoroughly.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is sure of it as they have just signed him to a seven year contract and are starring him as "Doctor

Kildare" in Max Brand's widely read series. So, in a career that has had as many ups and downs as a busy elevator, Lew is once again, histrionically speaking, "high on a peak in Darien," and from the looks of things it will take a ton of high explosive to shake him loose.

I asked him between scenes of the "Ice Follies," on which he is currently at work, just how it felt to make such a resounding splash in his come-back after having been the "forgotten man" for so long. Lew seemed a little surprised. "Why, I don't know," he told me, "I've really been too busy to think much about it. Oh, sure, I missed playing in class "A" pictures—who wouldn't? But I figured that as long as I was working steadily I certainly couldn't *unlearn* anything. That's the main thing, I think. Never to allow yourself to become satisfied with your work, because there never was a job done well enough that some other fellow couldn't always come along and do it better.

"How do you feel about directing now that your acting career looks secure again?" I asked.

"That's really my horizon," Lew said. "When I honestly feel that I've reached my peak as an actor—that in all probability I shan't become any better as a performer—then I shall want to direct. That's why I still study, constantly. You know, I've made something like sixty-seven pictures since I've been in Hollywood and yet I don't consider myself a finished actor, or even a very good one. There's still too much to learn."

As I was preparing to leave the set I made some remark about his not having changed a bit in the past six or eight years. Lew grinned and examined himself critically in the dressing room mirror. "Can't understand that," he said. "Hadn't you heard? I'm practically the 'grand old man of the screen.'"

How can you lick a guy with a philosophy of life and a sense of humor like that?

Screen "Debs"

[Continued from page 25]

any more, unless her temper is really aroused. But she subsides quickly. "I'm moody, I enjoy being miserable," she admitted. "Emotions and feelings have always played a great part in my life." That is obvious. She emphasizes her speech with her restless hands, and has a habit of carrying them to her heart when she is particularly earnest. She speaks with burning sincerity. She is delightful! She is just bubbling with the exuberance of youth, and her sadness is the natural sadness of artistic temperaments and makes her the more charming. Remember, there is no great beauty without an element of sadness in it.

For three years, on Saturdays and during the Christmas rush, she worked in the largest department store of Seattle, selling cosmetics and modeling. They paid her the minimum rate, 36 cents an hour. She didn't need the money, but she appreciated the experience and it was "a lot of fun." Meanwhile she went to college, and belonged to the Delta Delta Delta sorority. The Tri-Delts, as college folk

know, believe in good looks and good times, and Mimi had a wonderful time. She is bound to, with her beauty and keen gusto for life.

She took Drama 53, and the lady who taught this course had Hollywood connections, and sent some photographs of Mimi's to Jimmy Moore at Paramount. But for a while, nothing came out of it. When she came to Los Angeles with her mother, grandfather and younger sister for a brief visit with friends, her teacher gave her a letter of recommendation to an agent in Hollywood. She didn't expect anything, couldn't imagine herself a movie star, but anyhow she took the letter to the agent. Now agents are not interested in anybody who is not already pretty well established in the profession, but this gentleman was definitely interested in Mimi. Meanwhile, she contacted also Jimmy Moore, who had moved to R.K.O. He too was favorably impressed, and arranged for a screen test. "They gave me a script from 'Love on the Dole.' It was quite a long test, five or six typewritten pages. I rehearsed for about three weeks before taking the test, with Jack Hubbard, who had an important part in 'Dramatic School.' My family went back to Seattle, and I stayed with some friends in Glendale."

Finally the great day arrived. They took her to a huge sound stage, the "Care-free" set, at R.K.O. She was tense, and her heart was beating fast, but she wasn't as excited as she should have been. She is a girl who takes things in stride. The stage, large enough to house an army division, was dim, except at one far cor-

ner where the test was to be given. It blazed with lights. She saw men crawling on the catwalks high up above, and the floor was covered with a tangle of wires. "So this is the glamour of Hollywood!" she reflected. It was a little terrifying.

At the blazing corner, men scurried about, adjusting the lights and reflectors, moving the big black camera, mounted on a small truck with rubber wheels, up and down, marking and measuring distances. They had poker faces, she didn't know what they thought of her. Presently, with Jack Hubbard she pretended to be rushing up a hill, as the camera and microphone followed her, the latter suspended from the end of a long metal bar manipulated by a man. She paused, took a deep breath, and said what a wonderful day it was. Below them spread the panorama of sordid factories, and the sun was setting in the distance, but on the hill the air was so good to breathe . . .

"They shot us from four different angles," she recalled. "And the test lasted four hours, from one to five. I was perspiring, the lights were so hot. When it was over, I went home. I couldn't even think. My mind was a blank. Not until the next morning did I begin to wonder what would be R.K.O.'s verdict."

Several days later she went to the studio to see her test. "I didn't know whether to cry or to laugh when I saw myself on the screen. 'Is that me?' I wondered. 'Do I really smile and talk like that?' There was no connection between us. The feeling within me, my conception of the part, and what I actually saw and

heard, didn't jibe. I thought I could have done better. But I lived every line I spoke. It just didn't come out on the screen."

The Front Office viewed the test, and didn't offer her the contract she half expected. "And I don't blame them. I had no acting experience, I was just a college girl. Every studio tests hundreds of girls; it doesn't mean much. So I decided to return to Seattle. The agent called me and told me M-G-M was very much interested in my test. But I decided to go home anyhow. After I arrived in Seattle, he sent me a wire, asking me to return immediately. M-G-M had made a definite offer to put me under contract. I came down, signed the contract in the agent's office, and here I am."

She joined the Metro roster on September 6, 1938, and was immediately cast in "Young Dr. Kildare." They gave her a tough part. "I played it mostly with my eyes. And I had to simulate insanity. I just imagined how an insane girl would act. I think you have to do most of your characterization with eyes anyhow, no matter what the role. The eyes are the windows of the soul, and your characterization must spring from here." She put her hands on her heart. The studio fortunately hasn't tried to glamorize her. The make-up department just changed her hairdress from a side to a center part. But, they changed her name to Jo Ann Sayers, I don't know why. It sounds "blah," as she said. Her real name is far more euphonious, distinctive, and fits her perfectly. I can't imagine her as anything else but Mimi Lilygren, and I

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earnestly hope the studio will let her use her real name. "Oh, I get so mad when they call me Joey," she said.

She lives with her mother and grandfather in Beverly Hills. She goes out a good deal, but not to night clubs. She doesn't care for them. And as for Hollywood men, she says she doesn't know them and hopes she never does. Her hobbies are skiing and winter sports, dancing and writing poetry. She has studied the piano and violin, and has composed four or five songs. She is planning on taking dancing lessons, ballet and classical steps. Her greatest disappointment so far is that she has never been on a train. Her greatest ambition she stated in these words: "I want to be a beautiful actress, not physically, but emotionally. I want to be able to make people see what I see, feel what I feel, laugh and cry with me."

So many pretty girls who are put under contract aren't interested in what they can give the world, but what they can get out of it. They think of screen success in terms of premieres, orchids, limousines, clothes. They are dropped after six months or a year because they fail to move the public, lack warmth, humanity, understanding of people, sincerity. Mimi is one of the happy exceptions. She is indifferent to the razzle-dazzle of Hollywood. She doesn't care for clothes, applause, the false, synthetic glories of this town, and is passionately interested in the real things Hollywood has to offer the world. She is still very young, and her allure will undoubtedly increase as she grows older. Youth has its charms, but age gives one character, takes off the rough edges, rounds out one's personality. As the years go by, her acting will gain in depth and power. I'd like to see her ten years from now.

Another newcomer worth watching is dark-haired, blue-eyed Ruth Hussey, who can develop into a star of the first magnitude if she will only let herself go, as Mimi does, both on and off the screen, so beautifully. Ruth is a gorgeous eyeful, with a healthy vigor, and that fatal school girl complexion, if you know what I mean. She is stunning, and believe it or not, holds a degree of bachelor of philosophy! The pathway that led her to Hollywood was from radio to stage to screen. She comes from a fine New England family, and has an excellent background. She had the feminine lead in "Rich Man, Poor Girl," and plays a college girl in "Spring Madness," which at this writing has just been released.

Ruth's case, I think, illustrates the importance of giving all you've got in order to reach the heart of the public and the higher rungs of stardom. Reserve is a good thing, but too much of it will create a barrier between performer and public. An actress can't be too much of a lady. Emotional exhibitionism is necessary for her success. Miss Hussey combines exceptional beauty with brains, and she is a regular fellow, too—but when you watch her on the screen you have a feeling that something is holding her back. But once her full powers are released, we'll have a combination of Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell, with a dash of Helen Hayes.

She came to Hollywood with the road company of "Dead End," in which she

played the part enacted by Wendy Barrie on the screen. On the opening night at the Biltmore Theatre, Bill Grady of Metro saw her, and offered to give her a screen test at the end of the first act. Lack of space prevents me from telling you her interesting story of how she took the test and signed a contract. Ruth knows exactly what has been the trouble with her so far, and spoke about herself with admirable detachment and candor.

"I found acting before the camera decidedly more difficult than acting on the stage," she said. "The limitation of motion before the camera made me feel tied up. I felt perfectly at home on the stage, didn't wonder if what I was doing was right, whether I should do it this way or that way. I feel perfectly free on the radio, too. Recently I was on the Good News program for two weeks. I got so many compliments from people in the studio who always told me, 'you are cold, you must give, give, give.' I really surprised them. Every movement you make before the camera must be just so, within precise limits. And there are so many interruptions and distractions. They will tell you, 'you spoke that line well, but you stood too far to the left.' It comes down to this: either you want to look right, and it is sometimes a matter of inches, or to heck with your photographic appearance, forget it and concentrate on your action. I think that's what I should do."

Miss Hussey had a slight cold and lay in bed in the home of her hairdresser, who is her closest friend in Hollywood. She lives alone in an apartment, and was staying there temporarily. She continued:

"I had to unlearn a few things that are necessary on the stage. Not to project my voice too much, not to be too precise, to condense eight or ten movements into two or three." As Basil Rathbone told me once, the secret of good screen acting is to know how little to do in order to secure the greatest effect, for the screen has a tendency to magnify and exaggerate. All stage actors have experienced Ruth's difficulty. In "Spring Madness" she is more her natural self.

Mimi's uncle called her "Dynamite," but Ruth was a quiet child. "Not that I didn't feel deeply," she explained. "But I was determined not to show my feelings, which of course is a bad thing when it comes to acting. If somebody misjudged me or upbraided me, I wouldn't say anything. I would go hide somewhere, and have my cry." She speaks calmly, and her hands are at rest. But sometimes she raises her voice and flourishes her hands through the air, and then you have a glimpse of the smoldering personality beneath her New England reserve.

Both Mimi Lilygren—pardon me, Jo Ann Sayers!—and Ruth Hussey are abundantly blessed with physical charms, but their appeal is different. The former is more poetic and emotional, and has an elfin quality about her. The latter is more intellectual, a little more mature, and sexier. The screen can use both types, but unless Miss Hussey learns to give everything she has before the camera, I'm afraid Mimi will steal a march on her. And for that matter, all the current glamour girls better watch out for their laurels!

New York Entertains The Head-Liners

[Continued from page 23]

Bob Benchley had arrived that day from Hollywood and had trouble about his seat. That was bad enough, but the tremendous ovation he got from his friends and admirers complicated his comings and goings even farther. Bob Benchley, with his great wit and understanding, is so much a part of the American humor that it is hard to realize that New York, probably because of his "New Yorker" theatre reviews, claims him completely as its own, and when you, my fine feathered friend in Cleveland or Denver, see him in a short on the screen, it is rather as a loan from his devoted eastern public.

Kitty Carlisle looked very lovely in a red velvet, off-the-shoulders and hoop-skirted dress with which she wore a cape of ermine. It was later that evening that I asked her to pose.

It was also later that evening that I saw Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. Buddy still had his arm inside his coat, not yet completely recovered from his bad automobile accident, but when I took the picture he pulled his hand out and showed that he can use the fingers. "Look, Jerry," he said, "in two weeks it will all be healed." And a mighty lucky thing for Buddy too, for it was his right hand, and his musician's career depends on it. Mary looks amazingly youthful. Perhaps that is

why she has brought out her own beauty preparations.

Dorothy Lamour's trip to New York was partly spoiled for her by her husband's illness and she called him constantly by phone, and it was in a phone booth that I photographed her. A nice guy from Paramount was with her, and when they were leaving he explained that the studio had to O.K. all photos of their stars before they were released. Before I had a chance to say anything Miss Lamour spoke up and said, "Not Zerbe, you can trust him always." Which was swell of her, for it saved me a lot of trouble and time, so Dorothy Lamour, herewith a printed bow.

Out in Astoria, on Long Island, Director William K. Howard has been filming a movie called "Cafe New York" about New York's Cafe Set. Certainly he ought to know all about it for he is constantly there, usually with Patricia Ellis, who is the leading lady of his movie, and Johnny Walker, who is making his return to the screen in this picture.

Two former movie stars, who are now more or less out of the film limelight, are Helen Hayes and Gloria Swanson. Miss Hayes, of course, is having an unprecedented success in "Queen Victoria" and during the rest of the time she is at her Victorian home in Nyack, N. Y., with her daughter and husband, Author Charles MacArthur. Gloria Swanson I met three years ago in Hollywood and consider one of the nicest and most charming women I know. I had only been in Hollywood about two weeks and wasn't liking it much, and that day was

in an especially bad mood as Joan Crawford had kept me waiting five hours at M-G-M on an appointment to take a snap that took not two minutes of her time. Frances Marion took me to Gloria's to dinner that night and her sense of humor, her friendliness and charm won me over completely to her and to Hollywood. Today she has a lovely apartment on Fifth Avenue here in New York and has a host of friends.

The Jack Oakies' reconciliation was much heralded in the newspapers, but I'd not seen in the paper they had gotten to town, so it was with somewhat of a chagrined shock that cameraless one night I heard someone behind me at "21" at dinner say "Hello, Jerry" and turned to find it was Jack and his beautiful wife. Later that evening, with camera regained, I did catch up with them. They were in town for several weeks staying at the Pierre.

Fred Perry, who runs Hollywood's very successful Beverly Hills Tennis Club along with Ellsworth Vines, and his actress wife, Helen Vinson, have also been much around the town, although they are on the verge of a divorce.

Other Hollywood refugees in New York were Ella Logan and Adrienne Ames, who has been visiting Mrs. Nate Spingold, the chic dressmaker. Adrienne had on a magnificent clip of rubies and diamonds that must have come from designs by Paul Flato or of Eugene Joseff of Hollywood.

All the signs are for a gayer and happier winter and that should bring a lot of movie people east to New York, and so to you.



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Gable—Swell Guy

[Continued from page 21]

to nothing as he can take a car apart and put it back together quicker than any garage man in town. Necessity made a mechanic out of him. With the first money he made on the stage in Los Angeles he bought a second-hand car, which literally fell to pieces every time he turned a corner. As he put all his money into the car, little that it was, he didn't have anything extra for repair bills—so it was either walk or tinker. He tinkered.

Of all the cars he has ever had he likes his present station wagon best. On the windshield is a sticker with PRESS on it, which was given him by the boys of the Fourth Estate last year during the famous Norton trial. There has never been a movie star to make such a hit with the court reporters as Clark Gable. I think they are planning to have him canonized.

All celebrities in Hollywood should be very grateful to Clark for what he did for them in the Norton case. It is an old fallacy in Hollywood that a movie star should never go to court because it will mean newspapers full of bad publicity. All matters should be settled out of court, and secretly, even though the star is the most innocent person in the world.

You can be awfully sure that the vultures that prey upon the screen great took full advantage of this. "But I am innocent," the star had always said to the blackmailer, "all right, take it to court. I can prove my innocence." "But ah," sneers the blackmailer, "there will be a lot of dirty linen aired. A lot of skeletons will creak in their closets. Newspapers like to make things as sensational as possible. And gods become awfully tinny when their past life is exposed to millions of fans. Better settle out of court and avoid the publicity." And the stars usually settled.

But not Mr. Gable. "Hell," he said, "I've never done anything I'm ashamed of. I don't care who knows I was a lumberjack once. I'm completely innocent of Mrs. Norton's accusations, and we'll just take this little thing to court." Which they did. And Clark came off scot free. Which was more than Mrs. Norton did. Since then there has been no attempted blackmailing of movie stars in Hollywood. Gable proved that a celebrity could face a barrage of newspaper publicity and not lose one iota of his popularity.

Clark has always had the happy faculty of making good friends. When he needed friends to testify for him in the Norton case all his old pals of the lumber camp days, even his best girl at that time, could hardly wait to travel down from Oregon to tell the truth to help an old friend. I don't believe that Clark Gable has ever met a stranger. He has always been a regular guy, and when fame came his way he never lost his old comradeship. He has a cheery greeting for everyone, always knows a person's name, and invariably makes him feel important. The trick of that is he's a good listener. He's one star who doesn't insist upon talking about himself, and gives the other person plenty of opportunity to talk about himself.

He is the greatest champion of the



If you saw "The Young In Heart," you'll fondly recall the Scotsman. Richard Carlson's career is off to a fine start.

"bit" player, the "extra," and the "unknown" in Hollywood. Just because he's a success now he hasn't forgotten the days when no one in Hollywood would give him a job, days when he plugged, and plodded, and struggled, and starved. So now, although he is a big star, he will make tests by the hour just to give an actor a chance to get a part in his picture. He is one of the few stars who will do a broadcast with a lot of unknowns to give them a break. On the sets the "extras" are his pals, not the stars.

Clark has a dynamic voice though it is a very soothing, easy sort of voice. He has never been known to shout or scream. Though he doesn't make a show of it he is the perfect gentleman and doesn't care whether good breeding has become old-fashioned or not. He still insists upon standing when a lady stands, and all those other little courtesies that are fast becoming obsolete. He is crazy about all kinds of sports, especially football and tennis, but his great love of course is hunting. Whenever he has a chance he goes into the mountains, fights through the brush with his dogs and his gun, and usually comes back with game. Always in the fall of the year, when the deer season opens, he packs back into the wilderness of the high Sierras of California or the mountainous country of Arizona, and spends a week or two in camps. He takes in several rodeos every winter and looks forward with boyish enthusiasm to the annual round-up and branding at the Rancho de Los Quiotes—a three thousand acre ranch owned by Leo Carrillo. You've got to be an awfully good rider to round up and brand cattle—and Gable is.

As everyone knows by now, Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio, on the first day of February. His mother died when he was seven months old and he lived with his grandparents on a farm near Meadville, Pennsylvania, until his father re-married and he went back to Ohio to live with him and his step-mother, whom he adored. His father was an oil contractor and Clark lived in the small towns of Hope-dale and Ravenna, and at an early age learned all about the farm.

He decided he wanted to be a doctor

when he was in his teens, and when his father told him there was not enough money to send him to medical school, Clark announced that he would work his way through—which he was doing very nicely at the University of Akron, until that fatal day when he met up with a couple of stock company actors and they invited him to watch the performance "backstage." From that night on he was determined to be an actor. In between acting jobs, which weren't very plentiful, Clark worked in the oil fields, went barnstorming into hundreds of cities, towns and hamlets throughout the South and the Middle West, surveyed lumber tracts in southern Oregon, worked in a lumber camp at Silverton, Oregon, in the want ad department of the Portland Oregonian, and spent a year with the telephone company in that city.

In the fall of 1924 he found he had saved enough money to get to Hollywood—not for pictures, but for a part on the stage. He couldn't get a job. After his money gave out he began haunting casting offices and finally became an extra at seven fifty a day in an Ernst Lubitsch picture. When "Romeo and Juliet" arrived in Los Angeles with Jane Cowl, tall soldiers were needed to carry spears. Clark became a spear carrier. He played bits in "What Price Glory," "Madame X," "Lucky Sam McCarver" and "Lullaby." The best friend he made in the theatre was Lionel Barrymore, whom he supported in "The Copperhead." Lionel was, and is, his ideal.

In between his theatre engagements he continued to play extra parts in pictures. But his first real break came when he landed a job in the stage play "Chicago," opposite Nancy Carroll. The play had a long run and Clark saved enough money to go to New York, where he immediately was cast in the leading role of "Machenal." The following year his agent got him a job to play "Killer Mears" in the Los Angeles company of "The Last Mile"—and from then on it was more or less easy going.

There have probably been more false rumors of Clark's death than of any other celebrity in the world. Any time of night he is likely to be awakened by a member of the press who shouts excitedly into the phone, "Are you dead?" His favorite death story concerns his dentist. Clark had a couple of cavities and had made a date to see his dentist one Thursday afternoon. He was working at the time but managed to get away from the studio, and as he drove frantically through the afternoon traffic on Wilshire Boulevard he noticed that the newsboys were hawking extras. When he arrived at his dentist's office he was met by a young nurse who blandly informed him, "When the doctor read that you were dead, Mr. Gable, he took the afternoon off to play golf."

Exit the Jitterbug

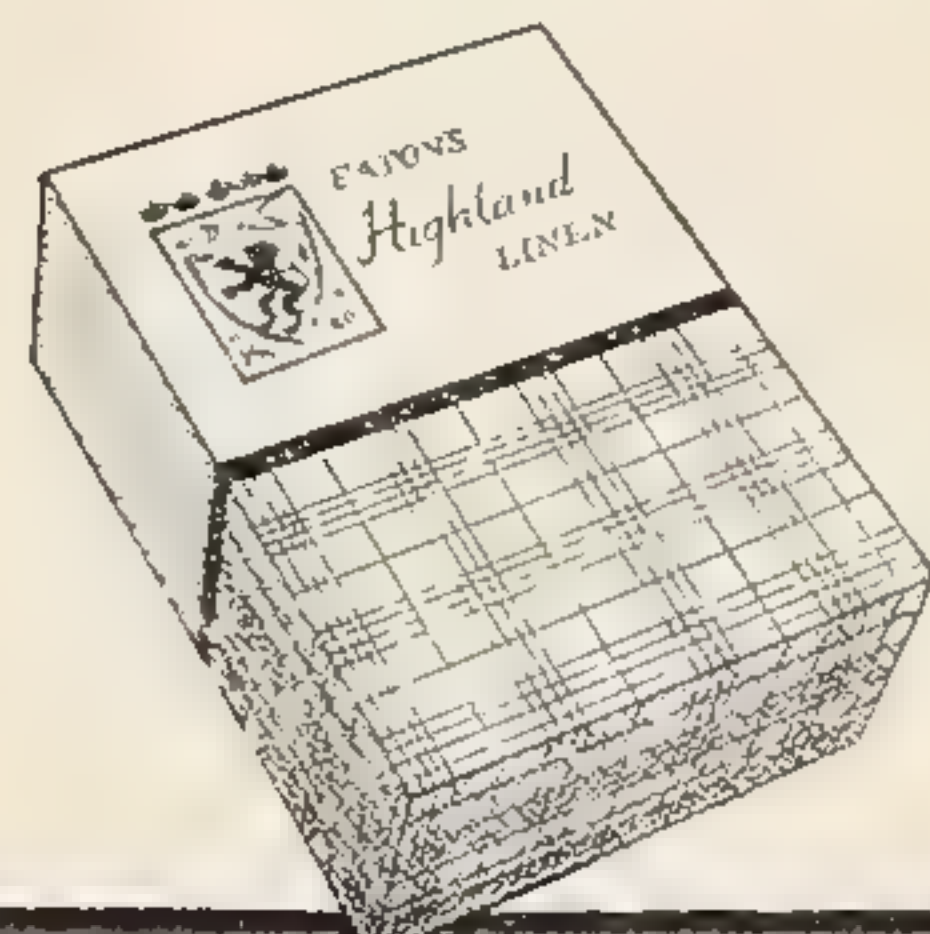
The younger set in Hollywood have decided to start a crusade to bring back the fox trot and the waltz. Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Peggy Stewart, Frankie Thomas, and Billy and Bobby Mauch, had their first meeting at the Grace Hayes lodge the other evening and refused to let the orchestra play a single swing number.

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



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Lips
Chin Arms Legs

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GRAY HAIR**
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FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and book telling All About Gray Hair. **ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 12, LOWELL, MASS**

Letters From The Grand Jury Of The Movies

[Continued from page 55]

is beautiful if the words are pronounced correctly, but it is harsh and horrid if the vowels are not given the broad, soft sound. Must the word "loch" always be called, lock? I am Scotch and that picture is a shudder to me.

JESSIE MACLAREN,
Sioux City, Iowa

DEAR EDITOR:

You want to know the "why" of a picture flop? Too much concern over lavishness of sets and snappy wardrobes and not nearly enough attention given to perfecting characterization. The camera insists on a co-starring role.

What do we remember best about a Muni picture? Paul's superb acting, *not* the backgrounds. Muni keeps the camera in its place. We all liked "Mayerling" for its story—and who remembers anything about its sets, or cares?

Jimmy Cagney "Spots What It Takes"

[Continued from page 31]

said 'A girl named Bette Davis.' 'Who is she?' he wanted to know, never having heard of her. 'She just played a small role with Ruth Chatterton in The Rich Are Always With Us,' you said, 'and she's got what it takes.' Then this reporter wanted to know who was the best actor, and you said 'Spencer Tracy.' He had never heard of him, either. Seems to me that's quite an outstanding example of intuition."

"If you want to call it intuition," Jim parried. "What it is, is the result of accumulated experience. But say," he was alarmed. "Be careful with that. Don't make it sound as if I *discovered* anybody. Nothing like that. Davis—she knew what she wanted. She was on her way. You could tell. Not many girls know what they want, or else they expect somebody else to get it for them. She was relying just on Davis—nobody else. And Tracy. He's been too good too long for anybody to dare say they discovered *him*. Long before Murder Man, the first I saw him do, he was good. He knew his job.

"In that one, now. He had a cast of comics, tearing it up. Tracy—he just walked through. Calm—sprinkling those little things, those little Tracy bits. Underplaying. Oh it was lovely, all right. A lesson in acting. That guy's an actor."

Cagney was warming up—talking like Cagney. One was conscious of the subtle impact in that quiet voice, never raised, which stirs up excitement in his audience. Shorthand speech, staccato, shorn of unnecessary articles. He fills in the missing words with a lift of the shoulder, the eyes, and his eloquent hands—crisp sharp gestures. Finishes things before he goes to the next, with the least possible effort. He is so easy with it, so easy. A post-graduate course in how to get a point across.

Why are the Judge Hardy pictures so popular? For their humanness and middle-class appeal. No *arte moderne* stuff in them, no penthouses, never a fashion hint! The story, the story, the story, Mr. Editor. That's all that matters.

Yours truly,

D. W. DAVIES,
Vancouver, Canada

DEAR SILVER SCREEN:

Unusual pictures appeal to me. I saw and liked "Algiers" because of its odd setting. But couldn't a picture of this type have drama, suspense, and action without such a depressing ending?

If parts of a picture must jerk tears, why not have it do so in the center, and not just before the curtain falls? It is so embarrassing to sit and sniffle and wipe the old nose when the lights come on.

Besides, I like to leave the theatre feeling that it's all worth while, not wondering why life is so grim.

Yours, for happier pictures.

MRS. LILA LIGGETT,
Denver, Colo.

"Marie Wilson—she has it," Cagney continued. "Steps off on the right foot. Instinctively. Ten per cent gift—rest is knowledge. And knowing what she wants.

"Dennis O'Keefe. Used to be around the lot—dress extra. Didn't know what he had; or how to use it. I'd go out and ride him. 'Howya, big and good-lookin'. With a start like you have, you oughta go some place, son.' You know—shoulders, height—everything. Lots of zip. Something happening with him all the time. Nervous energy—no grip on it. I rode him hard. 'Get goin'. Let's see what you got. You can do more than hold up clothes.' He's doing a lot more now. Metro has him. Going places, too."

"How about this kid who plays you as a boy, in 'Angels?'"

"Frankie Viselli? Great find. Strong personality. He jumps. Too nervous and excitable. Like that colt over there, now. Just a kid. When they calm him down, he'll be somebody to have around."

It has become a legend at Warner's that if Cagney says a scene is good, then it *is* good—no matter how much high-powered doubt may be expressed at the rushes. And if he says it's bad, then it should be cut out of the picture pronto, before audiences begin saying the same.

Possibly it occurs to you that this is simply a part of the acting business—that all actors can "spot" a scene. But they can't. According to authority, they have not the broad vision—they feel responsible for themselves alone, which is no more than normal, and in viewing the work on the screen, see only themselves—not the entire scene. If the actor is good in it, he is blinded into believing the whole thing is good. And aren't we all?

A kind of an open secret is that Jim sometimes refuses to call a thing finished when he thinks it can be done better—or to make it at all if he doesn't think it will stand up; but it is no secret that he has never had a box-office failure.

And the instinct—intuition—whatever it is, about the "feeling" of a scene, Jim says is also the "result of accumulated experience."

"How can you tell if a scene is wrong? Why—you feel it. Under your skin. In your hair. It's out of timing—out of whack. You know it. Have to know it; or you miss. The way an artist has to know the exact amount of paint to use; the pianist, so much pressure on the pedal, no more. The wood-carver, depth. You can't measure those things in a cup or a spoon, the way a cook can. And cooks too—the best ones cook by instinct, not by recipes.

"Fellow up here the other day illustrates what I'm getting at. Old time boxer. Sharp as a tack. Smooth. Not a mark on him. So this kid, also here, wanted to take him on. Sparred for an hour. Kid couldn't touch him. Pretty work—this fighter, he's good. He told the kid: 'Don't ever get in a scrap with a fighter. They do things without thinking, you have to stop and figure out.' The kid asked 'How do you get it? How do you know?' Fighter said, 'You go into a gym when you're eight years old and stay until you're punch-drunk. Then you've got it.'"

"Anybody in Hollywood you can think of right now who 'has it?' Anybody undiscovered, I mean."

"Sure," Jim said. "Frank McHugh. I don't mean acting—everybody knows he's a good actor. But what they don't know is, he's one of the best *directors* in the business, even if he has never directed a picture. He has a director's mind. It goes click in the right places. If his opportunity comes, watch him."

"There is a rumor," I proceeded with caution, "that you have a sister, Jeanne by name, who wants to be an actress. Any predictions?"

"Well . . . anything I said would be prejudiced, wouldn't it? Naturally, you think your own family is the goods . . ."

A pleased grin broke out on the Cagney map. "She's plenty independent, all right. Wouldn't make a try at Warner's—people would say I helped her."

"What else about her?" (You have to be persistent.)

"She's—they tell me she's pretty," he admitted, after considering the advisability of admitting this much. Evidently sister Jeanne has him buffaloed out of going around tooting her horn. "Majored in languages at Hunter College. Anybody who will read fifty plays in French, fifty in German—and knows every part that was even written by Shakespeare—well, what do *you* think? Wouldn't you say she was, anyway, *interested*? And you have to be interested before you can be interesting. I hear she can act, too. And she knows what she wants. Boy, does she know what she wants!" For an instant, Jim's pride broke away from his caution.

And that, my friends, is as much as you can pry loose from the Cagney about this candidate for fame in his own family. She has her own way with Jim, insofar as his promoting her case is concerned. But he has his way in one thing. "No Broadway," he says. "I want her out here where I can keep an eye on her."

We will have to wait and see what we shall see—but Jim gave it away when he said "She knows what she wants!"

No actor has ever known better what he wants than Cagney, nor been as willing to fight and sacrifice for it. And certainly no one is more capable of recognizing the trait in others.



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\$75.00 CASH AWARDS

You probably have not sent a valentine for a long time but you still thrill when you think of the ones all covered with lace and hearts that you used to get. Write a line to finish the verse of this valentine and send it to us before February 28, 1939.

\$25.00 First Prize!

For the best line received we will give \$25.00. For the twenty lines judged next best we will give \$2.50 each. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. In addition to the cash prizes we are also going to give free for promptness twenty-one sets of Silverware to the cash prize winners. Write your line today for the valentine on a postal card or sheet of paper and mail it to:

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I may not be so very old
But you must grant me this—
My object here, as you will see,
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Mrs. F. J. Smejkal,
5822 North Kolmar
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linois, won first
prize last year
for her last line
to the valentine.
Send your line to-
day for one of the
new prizes.

Lombard Not a Zaney?

They may call her "Screwball" but Lombard is far from being a Zaney! The February SCREENLAND now on sale tells a side of the screen's impetuous imp full of human interest!

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The inimitable Benchley gets his first interview as a screen star!

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Don't Miss One of the Many Drama-drenched features in the new February SCREENLAND. Chock full of revelations and surprises!

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By Charlotte Herbert



Miliza Korjus

TODAY a ringmaster can stand arrogantly poised, red coat shining, and shout his introductions confident that he will be heard by all. If we could borrow his clarion voice we would like heartily to introduce a New Entertainer to you all. (Please imagine the microphone and the ether waves.)

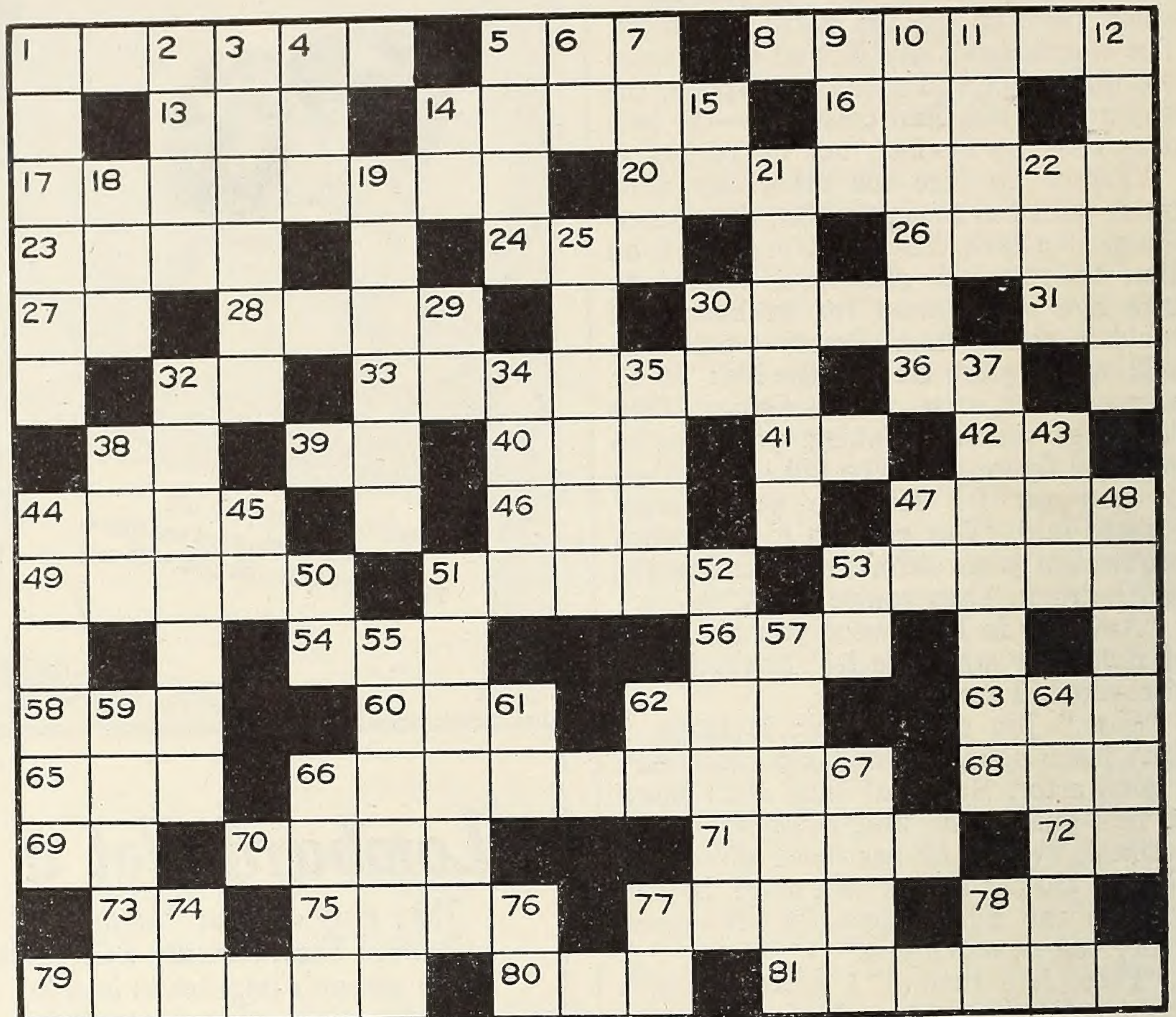
"Ladies and Gentlemen. We take pleasure in introducing the fairest and most talented of all the daughters of earth. From lands beyond the sea she came to bring us her great gifts, and now she is here—she is **HERE!** Her smile is a benediction of happiness, her loveliness is a new high in beauty and her voice is a marvelous instrument that only the gods may play upon. But such is its quality, its charm, its great power and its mystical tenderness that only the songs of the sirens, or the mellow sounds of the coming of dawn and the diapason of a whole earth waking to happiness, would be worthy to be set to music for her. Give her a welcome from your heart—Miliza Korjus."

Do you like the circus? The troupes march in to do their thrilling exhibitions—then out they go and in come some others. They go out, too, in a few minutes, and then comes the sensation of the whole three rings, the sensation truly of all Christendom!

The beautiful woman who sings in "The Great Waltz" is so delightful and so fresh and strong and sure and forceful that no one can listen to her without realizing how good life can be, and feel his heart pulse strongly with a great feeling of joy. Not to have heard her is to live drearier and greyer years, which is the same as never to have lived at all.

We have seen "The Great Waltz" a number of times and you may be sure that our visits were our own idea and richly rewarded.

Elmer Kean
EDITOR



ACROSS

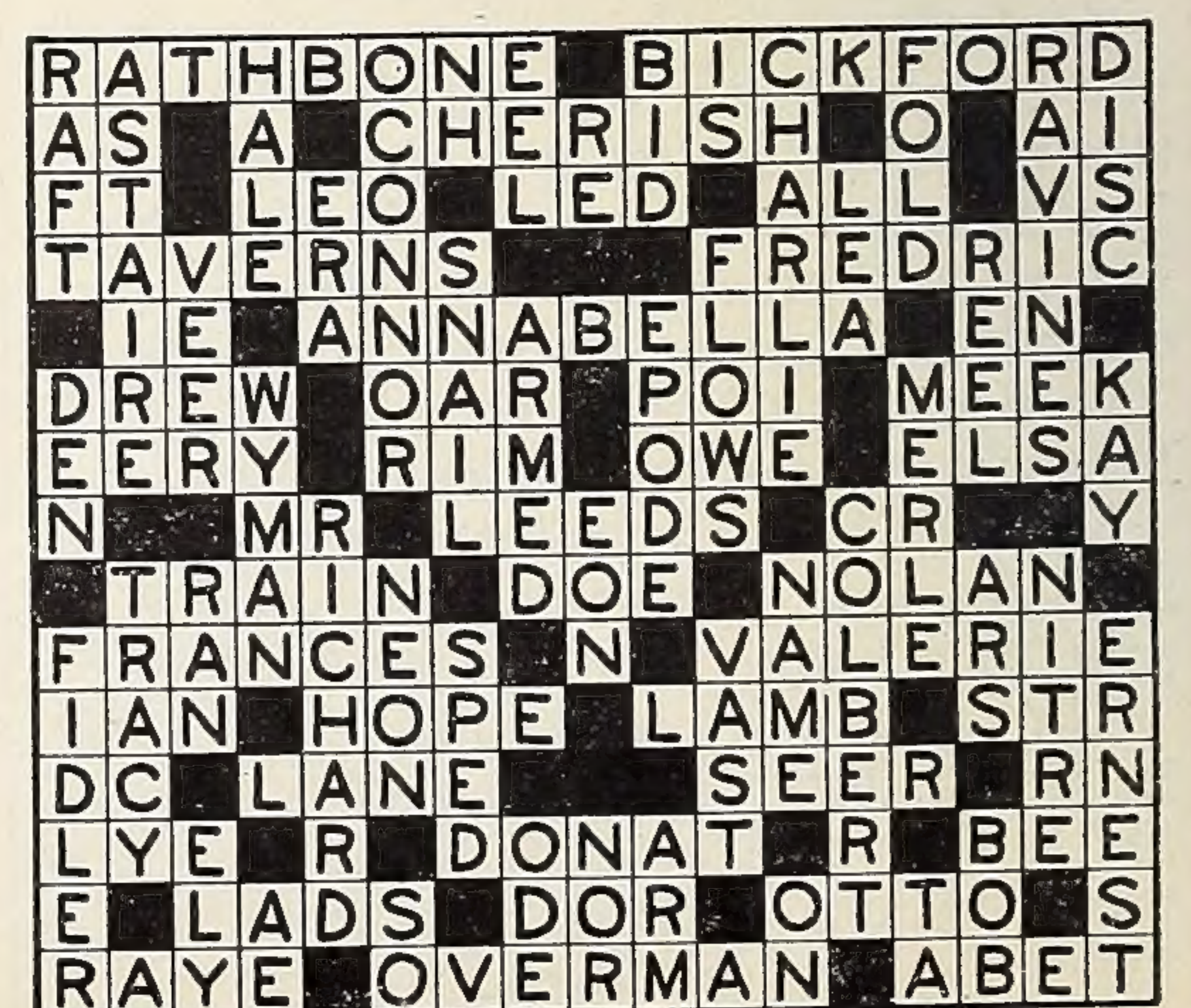
- 1 Singing star of "That Certain Age"
- 5 Speck
- 8 Ex-Ukrainian Prince in "Service DeLuxe"
- 13 The son in "A Man To Remember"
- 14 "Young Dr. Kildare" himself
- 16 Nothing
- 17 Secretary in "The Young in Heart"
- 20 Loyal wife in "The Citadel"
- 23 Edges
- 24 Male descendant
- 26 One who mimics
- 27 Masculine name (abbr.)
- 28 Hideous monster of fairy tales
- 30 Jagged knot
- 31 Pronoun
- 32 Indefinite article
- 33 Publisher's assistant in "Spawn of the North"
- 36 Plural ending
- 38 Upon
- 39 Within
- 40 Untruth
- 41 For example (abbr.)
- 42 Expression of merriment
- 44 Verbal
- 46 Ocean
- 47 Star of "Sing, You Sinners"
- 49 Star of "The Sisters"
- 51 Well-known radio tenor
- 53 Co-starred in "Too Hot To Handle"
- 54 Mrs. Eddie Cantor
- 56 Anger
- 58 Relation (abbr.)
- 60 A mischievous child
- 62 In "Thoroughbred"
- 63 Unit of energy
- 65 Lyric poem
- 66 "Nancy Drew, Detective" herself
- 68 Affirmative
- 69 Northern state (abbr.)
- 70 Prophet
- 71 Masculine name (abbr.)
- 72 English actress (abbr.)
- 73 Exists
- 75 Measure of land
- 77 Slave
- 78 More than one (abbr.)
- 79 Reply sharply
- 80 Limb
- 81 Visions

DOWN

- 1 Lovable old lady in "The Young in Heart"
- 2 Astringent mineral salt
- 3 Co-star of "Sweethearts"
- 4 Born
- 5 Stains
- 6 Either
- 7 Sea Eagle
- 9 Well-known stage actress
- 10 Process of preserving fodder
- 11 To cut short
- 12 Department store clerk in "Youth Takes a Fling"
- 14 Near

- 15 Therefore
- 18 Assist
- 19 French diplomat in "Suez"
- 21 Short poem
- 22 Modern
- 25 Father Connolly in "Angels With Dirty Faces"
- 29 Now appearing in Paramount pictures (initials)
- 30 Continent (abbr.)
- 32 Director of "The Sisters"
- 34 Girl's name
- 35 To intend
- 37 Darling of all movie-goers
- 38 Native metal
- 43 In "You Can't Take It With You"
- 44 The lady in "The Cowboy and the Lady"
- 45 Army officer (abbr.)
- 47 Near at hand
- 48 Champion prize fighter in "The Crowd Roars"
- 50 South Asian Islands (abbr.)
- 51 She made a big hit in "Algiers"
- 52 Surrenders
- 53 Myself
- 55 Straightforward
- 57 Col. Anthony Carleton in "The Young in Heart"
- 59 Bing Edwards in "Brother Rat"
- 61 Promissory note (abbr.)
- 62 Island, part of New York State (abbr.)
- 64 Kingdom
- 66 Cog-wheel
- 67 Always
- 74 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 76 Every (abbr.)
- 77 Type measure
- 78 Parent

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"

I USE COSMETICS
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TO pass the Love Test, skin must be smooth and soft. The eyes of love look close—and *linger*—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap!

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